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ARBOR DAY

MEMORIAL DAY

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HARPER'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES

HARPER'S
SCHOOL SPEAKER

BY

JAMES BALDWIN, PH.D.

FIRST BOOK

IN TWO PARTS

PART I. ARBOR DAY—PART II. MEMORIAL DAY

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1890

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Part 1.

ARBOR DAY.

**EXERCISES IN POETRY AND PROSE FOR SPRING FESTIVALS, ARBOR
DAY, FLOWER-PLANTING DAY, AND OTHER SIMILAR OCCASIONS,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.**

LOVE of trees and plants is safe. You do not run risk in your affections. They are like children, silent and beautiful, untouched by any passion, unpolluted by evil tempers; for me they leaf and flower themselves. In autumn they put off their rich apparel, but next year they are back again with dresses fair as ever; and should I be laid in my grave in winter, they would all in spring be back again with faces as bright and breaths as sweet, missing me not at all.

—Alex. Smith.

WHAT conqueror in any part of "Life's broad field of battle" could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial of his achievements?

—Benson J. Lossing.

IF it is something to make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of the planting of an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or of an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortalities. I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side that overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments, and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and Summer clothes them in all the splendor of their leafy language.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ARBOR DAY.

A NEW holiday is a boon to Americans, and I am very glad to contribute as an introduction to this collection of exercises, designed for use on Arbor Day, a little paper written to commemorate its first observance in New York in May, 1889. The day had been already observed elsewhere. Its celebration began, indeed, in Nebraska seventeen years before, and thirty-four States and two Territories had preceded New York in adopting it. If the name of Arbor Day may seem to be a little misleading, because the word arbor, which meant a tree to the Romans, means a bower to Americans, yet it may well serve until a better name is suggested, and its significance by general understanding will soon be as plain as Decoration Day.

The holiday has been happily associated in this State especially with the public schools. This is most fitting, because the public school is the true and universal symbol of the equal rights of all citizens before the law, and of the fact that educated intelligence is the basis of good government. The more generous the cultivation of the mind, and the wider the range of knowledge, the more secure is the great national commonwealth. The intimate association of the schools with tree-planting is fortunate in attracting boys and girls to a love and knowledge of nature and

to a respect for trees, because of their value to the whole community.

The scheme for the inauguration of the holiday in New York was issued by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. It provided for simple and proper exercises, the recitation of brief passages from English literature relating to trees, songs about trees sung by the children, addresses, and planting of trees, to be named for distinguished persons of every kind. The texts for such addresses are indeed as numerous as the trees, and there may be an endless improvement of the occasion, to the pleasure and the profit of the scholars. They may be reminded that our knowledge of trees begins at a very early age, even their own, and that it usually begins with a close and thorough knowledge of the birch.

This, indeed, might be called the earliest service of the tree to man, if we did not recall the cradle and the crib. The child rocking in the cradle is the baby rocking in the tree-top, and as the child hears the nurse droning her drowsy lullaby, it may imagine that it hears the wind sighing through the branches of the tree. To identify the tree with human life, and to give the pupil a personal interest in it, will make the public schools nurseries of sound opinion which will prevent the ruthless destruction of the forests.

The service of the trees to us begins with the cradle and ends with the coffin. But it continues through our lives, and is of almost unimaginable extent and variety. In this country our houses and their furniture, and the fences that enclose them, are largely the product of the trees. The fuel that warms them,

even if it be coal, is the mineralized wood of past ages. The frames and handles of agricultural implements, wharves, boats, ships, India-rubber, gums, bark, cork, carriages, and railroad cars and ties—wherever the eye falls it sees the beneficent service of the tree. Arbor Day recalls this direct service on every hand, and reminds us of the indirect ministry of trees as guardians of the sources of rivers—the great forests making the densely shaded hills, covered with the accumulating leaves of ages, huge sponges from which trickle the supplies of streams. To cut the forests recklessly is to dry up the rivers. It is a crime against the whole community, and scholars and statesmen both declare that the proper preservation of the forests is a paramount public question. Even in a mercantile sense it is a prodigious question, for the estimated value of our forest products in 1880 was \$800,000,000, a value nearly double that of the wheat crop, ten times that of gold and silver, and forty times that of our iron ore.

It was high time that we considered the trees. They are among our chief benefactors, but they are much better friends to us than ever we have been to them. If as the noble horse passes us, tortured with the overdraw check and the close blinders, and nagged with the goad, it is impossible not to pity him that he has been delivered into the hands of men to be cared for, not less is the tree to be pitied. It seems as if we had never forgotten or forgiven that early and intimate acquaintance with the birch, and have been revenging ourselves ever since. We have waged against trees a war of extermination like that of the Old Tes-

tament Christians of Massachusetts Bay against the Pequot Indians. We have treated the forests as if they were noxious savages or vermin. It was necessary, of course, that the continent should be suitably cleared for settlement and agriculture, but there was no need of shaving it as with a razor. If Arbor Day teaches the growing generation of children that in clearing a field some trees should be left for shade and for beauty, it will have rendered good service. In regions rich with the sugar-maple tree the young maples are saved from the general massacre because their sap, turned into sugar, is a marketable commodity. But every tree yields some kind of sugar, if it be only shade for a cow.

Let us hope, also, that Arbor Day will teach the children, under the wise guidance of experts, that trees are to be planted with intelligence and care if they are to become both vigorous and beautiful. A sapling is not to be cut into a bean-pole, but carefully trimmed in accordance with its form. A tree which has lost its head will never recover it again, and will survive only as a monument of the ignorance and folly of its tormentor. Indeed, one of the happiest results of the new holiday will be the increase of knowledge which springs from personal interest in trees.

This will be greatly promoted by naming those which are planted on Arbor Day. The interest of children in pet animals—in dogs, squirrels, rabbits, cats, and ponies—springs largely from their life and their dependence upon human care. When the young tree also is regarded as living, and equally dependent upon

intelligent attention, when it is named by vote of the scholars, and planted by them with music and pretty ceremony, it will also become a pet, and a kind of human relation will follow. If it be named for a living man or woman, it is a living memorial and a perpetual admonition to him whose name it bears not to suffer his namesake tree to outstrip him, and to remember that a man, like a tree, is known by his fruits.

Trees will acquire a new charm for intelligent children when they associate them with famous persons. Watching to see how Bryant and Longfellow are growing, whether Abraham Lincoln wants water, or George Washington promises to flower early, or Benjamin Franklin is drying up; whether Robert Fulton is budding, or General Grant beginning to sprout, the pupil will find that a tree may be as interesting as the squirrel that skims along its trunks, or the bird that calls from its top like a muezzin from a minaret.

The future orators of Arbor Day will draw the morals that lie in the resemblances of all life. It is by care and diligent cultivation that the wild crab is subdued to bear sweet fruit, and by skilful grafting and budding that the same stock produces different varieties. And so you, Master Leonard or Miss Alice, if you are cross and spiteful and selfish and bullying, you also must be budded and trained. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, young gentlemen, and you must start straight if you would not grow up crooked. Just as the boy begins, the man turns out.

So, trained by Arbor Day, as the children cease to be children they will feel the spiritual and refining

influence, the symbolical beauty, of the trees. Like men, they begin tenderly and grow larger and larger, in greater strength, more deeply rooted, more widely spreading, stretching leafy boughs for birds to build in, shading the cattle that chew the cud and graze in peace, decking themselves in blossoms and ever-changing foliage, and murmuring with rustling music by day and night. The thoughtful youth will see in a great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales, and extorting a glorious music from the storms which it triumphantly defies, a noble image of the strong man struggling with obstacles that he overcomes.

Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Every little community, every school district, will contribute to the good work. The school-house will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful nature which is so friendly to us.

—*George William Curtis.*

I.—SONGS OF SPRING.

*GIVE the children holidays
(And let these be jolly days),
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous spring;
Better men hereafter
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.
Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo Spring's caresses.*

*WIND, be still, 'tis spring!
Sun, shine bright and clear!
Birds, fly northward—sing!
Spring is here.*

*May shall bring in flowers,
April, smiles and tears,
March prepares the hours—
March is here!*

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through Winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Rushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The south-west wind is warmly blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree, and the sassafras
Are with it on its errands going.

—Whittier.

SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

WHEN the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
Oh, the Spring—the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on everything!

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's moor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure!
Yet Spring does all she can, I trow:
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,

She dresseth her bowers
For all below!

*Oh, the Spring—the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on everything!*

—Barry Cornwall.

SPRING.

THE spring-scented buds all around me are swelling,
There are songs in the stream, there is health in
the gale;

A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,
As floats the pure day-beams o'er mountain and
vale:

The desolate reign of old Winter is broken,
The verdure is fresh upon every tree:

Of Nature's revival the charm—and a token
Of love, O thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,
And flushes the clouds that begirt his career;

He welcomes the gladness and glory returning
To rest on the promise and hope of the year.

He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers,
He mounts to the zenith, and laughs on the waves;

He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,
And gilds the gay plains which the broad river
laves.

—Willis Gaylord Clark.

SPRING IS COMING.

I AM coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf—
Till I come, the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Starlike primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME! I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italia's plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb.

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay, in the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
Where the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip, and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay
Come forth to the sunshine; I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and silent hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

COME, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowy roses, on our plains descend.

SPRING-TIME is coming! search for the flowers!
Brush off the brown leaves, the darlings are here!
Joy of the spring-hours, picking the May flowers!
Kiss the spring beauties, the babes of the year.

APRIL.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadow in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

—H. W. Longfellow.

SPRING.

WHEN brighter suns and milder skies
Proclaim the opening year,
What various sounds of joy arise!
What prospects bright appear!

Earth and her thousand voices give
Their thousand notes of praise;
And all, that by his mercy live,
To God their offering raise.

Forth walks the laborer to his toil,
And sees the fresh array
Of verdure clothe the flowery soil
Along his careless way.

The streams, all beautiful and bright
Reflect the morning sky;
And there, with music in his flight,
The wild bird soars on high.

—W. O. B. Peabody.

AN APRIL DAY.

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft, gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold! abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud.
The fringes of her train.

—*Mrs. Southey.*

COUNTRY LIFE.

HAPPY the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to Heaven.

The singing-birds on him bring slumber down,
The singing-birds awake him, fluting sweet,
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.

His straw-deck'd thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
Than golden halls of state
Or beds of down afford.

To him the plummy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or pease, or grains.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born—
The cradle of the boy
With heavenly flowers strewed. —Goethe.

MAY.

ALL the buds and bees are singing;
All the lily bells are ringing;
All the brooks run full of laughter,
And the wind comes whispering after.
What is this they sing and say?
"It is May!"

Look, dear children, look! the meadows,
Where the sunshine chases shadows,
Are alive with fairy faces,
Peeping from their grassy places.
What is this the flowers say?
"It is May!"

See! the fair blue sky is brighter,
And our hearts with hope are lighter;
All the bells of joy are ringing;
All are grateful voices singing;
All the storms have passed away;
"It is May!"

I know a bank whereon the wild-thyme blows,
Where oxlips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

—*Shakespeare.*

JUNE.

LAUGHINGLY thou comest,
Rosy June,
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
And thy waters all in tune;
With thy gifts of buds and bells,
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild bird and the bee
On the blossom or the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee,

Rosy June!
And I love the flashing ray
Of the rivulets at play,
As they sparkle into day,

Rosy June!
Most lovely do I call thee,
Laughing June!

For thy skies are bright and blue
As a sapphire's brilliant hue,

And the heats of summer noon
Made cooler by thy breath—
O'er the clover-scented heath,

Which the scythe must sweep so soon;
And thou fann'st the fevered cheek

With thy softest gales of balm,
Till the pulse so low and weak
Beateth stronger and more calm.

And the student's listless air,
As a dreamy sound and dear,
Hath caught a pleasant murmur of the insect's
 busy hum
Where arching branches meet,
O'er the turf beneath his feet,
And a thousand summer fancies with the melody
 have come ;
And he turneth from the page
Of the prophet or the sage,
And forgetteth all the wisdom of his books ;
For his heart is roving free
With the butterfly and bee,
And chimeth with the music of the brooks,
Singing still their merry tune
In the flashing light of noon,
One chord of thy sweet lyre,
 Laughing June !
A glimpse thou art of heaven,
Lovely June !

—*Mary Noel Mcigs.*

JUNE FIELDS.

WHAT have I found in the fields of June ?
Emerald seas all dotted with gold ;
Silvery gushes of tangled tune,
Up from the thick-leaved woods outrolled ;
Glitter of brooklets gurgling by,
Glimmer of uplands balmy with dew ;
Infinite deeps of the tranquil sky,
With never a cloud on its breast of blue.

What have I found in the fields of June?
Daisies that cluster, snowy and deep;
Bees that 'mid purple clover croon;
Winds like a child's sweet laugh in sleep;
Berries, jet-ripe, at the vined way-side;
Birds in a cheery, tireless throng,
These; but the joy—oh, could I hide
In the jubilant heart of this tiny song!
—George Cooper.

A SUMMER DAY.

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dew-drops on the flowers and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brooks and grass and leaves,
Mists that melt above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup—
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the rain comes down:
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney-top;
Boughs that bend, and clouds that frown—
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fire-flies wink o'er hill and plain;

Yellow, red, and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.

A MIDSUMMER DAY.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass—
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass—

Then, when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun—
When the hot and burdened day
Rests on its downward way;
When the moth forgets to play,
And the plodding ant may dream her work is done—

Then from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
Dropt from the sky—
The sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and dear,
Banished to silence drear—
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

II.—THE FLOWERS.

*LAUD the first Spring daisies :
Chant aloud their praises.
Gather the primroses ;
Make handfuls into posies ;
Take them to the children who are at work in mills.
Pluck the violets blue—
Ah, pluck not a few !
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the
violet instils ?*

—EDWARD YOUL.

*To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.*

—WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS open, smile—
and die ;
Hopes arise, beguile—
and fly ;
Both have beauty's might—
and wane ;
Both are gentle, bright—
and vain.

WHEN our eyes are weary—weary
Of the brown and barren fields,
When we yearn with tender longing
For the bloom that summer yields,
Oh, what new and sudden rapture
Makes our languid pulses start
As we find the first spring flowers,
Dearest to the hungry heart !

If flowers could always bloom at eve
As sweetly as they bloom at morn ;
If joys could ne'er take wings and leave
Our hearts to languish all forlorn ;
Then flowers would ne'er seem half so bright,
And joys would ne'er be half so dear—
The sweetest dawn of morning light
Is that we gaze on through a tear.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.
The one within the mountain mine
Requireth not to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.
The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

—*Mary Howitt.*

“SHOULD I NOT LOVE MY FLOWERS?”

“THOU bearest flowers within Thy hand,
Thou wearest on Thy breast
A flower; now tell me which of these
Thy flowers Thou lovest best;
Which wilt Thou gather to Thy heart
Beloved above the rest?”

“Should I not love my flowers,
My flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unsought, unwatched for hours
By any eye but Mine?
Should I not love my flowers?
I love my lilies tall,
My marigold with constant eyes,
Each flower that blows, each flower that dies
To Me, I love them all.
I gather to a heavenly bower
My roses fair and sweet;
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside my feet.”

—*Dora Greenwell.*

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere ;
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere ;
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping, everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere ;
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming,
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come, quietly creeping, everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere ;
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry birds not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping, everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come,
And deck your narrow home,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping, everywhere.

—*Sarah Roberts.*

VIOLETS.

VIOLETS, violets, sweet March violets!
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!

White, with just a pinky dye;
Blue, as little baby's eye—
So like violets.

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

Though the passing snow-storms come,
Frightening all the birdies dumb,
Up spring violets,

One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me!" as we pass—
Scented violets.

By-and-by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens nor miss any;
Sweet, sweet violets!

Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day—
Mamma likes violets.

—*Dinah M. Craik.*

THE WILD VIOLET.

VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue
 With which your soft petals unfold?
And how do you hold up your tender young head,
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed,
And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed
 Their waters so heavy and cold?

No one has nursed you or watched you an hour,
Or found you a place in the garden or bower;
And no one can yield me so lovely a flower
 As here I have found at my feet.
Speak, my sweet violet! answer and tell
How you have grown up and flourished so well,
And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
 And we thus by accident meet!

"The same careful hand," the violet said,
"That holds up the firmament holds up my head ;
And He who with azure the skies overspread

Has painted the violet blue.

He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,
And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light,
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
When formed of a drop of his dew.

"I've naught to fear from the black, heavy cloud,
Or the breath of the tempest that comes strong and
loud,

Where, born in the lowland, and far from the crowd,
I know and I live but for One.

He soon forms a mantle, about me to cast,
Of long silken grass, till the rain and the blast,
And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly
passed

As the clouds scud before the warm sun!"

—*Hannah F. Gould.*

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove that God is here ;
The *daisy*, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud ;

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within ;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God !

—*John Mason Good.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers !
Coming, ere the spring-time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are, in my spirit,
Visioned a delight,
Coming, ere the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE flower that's bright with the sun's own light,
And hearty and true and bold,
Is the daisy sweet that nods at your feet,
And sprinkles the field with gold.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share upturns thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n
He ruin'd sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

—*Robert Burns.*

SONG OF THE DAISY.

I'd rather be a daisy,
The little children's flower,
Than any prouder beauty
That decks my lady's bower;
When song and shout and laughter
Are echoed o'er the lea,
Oh, merry is the music
Of childhood's voice to me.

Come forth from crowded cities,
From castle and from hall,
From play-ground and from school-room,
And I will greet you all.
The sun hath dried the dew-drops,
The grass is green and long,
All over starred with flowers,
That only ask your song.

Young buttercups are shining,
Behold them in the dells,
You'd think in every floweret
A brilliant sunbeam dwells.
I nothing know of envy,
And little have of pride,
Yet when you gather king-cups,
Let me be by your side.

—*E. C. Glover.*

PANSIES.

"There's Pansies: that's for thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

GAY lilies on the virgin breast
Of her who dieth young;
And o'er the warrior gone to rest
Let laurel wreaths be flung;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man's
knell is rung!

Fair types those lily flowers are
Of her for whom ye weep;
Whom earnest prayer and loving care
Could not among us keep;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man
falls asleep!

Well fitting for the warrior dead
The laurels he has won—
Proof of the brave life he has led,
The dangers he has run;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man's
war is done!

By all the glances backward cast
Along life's weary shore—
By all the memories of the past
That may return no more;
Oh, strew ye purple pansies when the old man's
life is o'er!

—Tom Hood.

THE PANSIES.

THE dear little pansies are lifting their heads,
All purple and blue and gold;
They are cov'ring with beauty the garden beds,
And hiding from sight the dark mould.

The dear little pansies, they nod and they smile,
Their faces upturned to the sky;
"We are trying to make the world pretty and
bright,"
They whisper to each passer-by.

Now all little children who try ev'ry day
Kind-hearted and loving to be,
Are helping the pansies to make the world bright,
And beautiful; don't you see?

—*Ruth Wilson.*

THE FIELD SWEET-BRIER.

I LOVE the flowers that come about with spring,
And whether they be scarlet, white or blue,
It mattereth to me not anything;
For when I see them full of sun and dew,
My heart doth get so full with its delight,
I know not blue from red, nor red from white.

Sometimes I choose the lily, without stain;
The royal rose sometimes the best I call;

Then the low daisy, dancing with the rain,
Doth seem to me the finest flower of all;
And yet if only one could bloom for me,
I know right well what flower that one would be!

And if my eyes all flowers but one must lose,
Our wild-sweet brier would be the one to choose.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE YOUNG DANDELION.

I AM a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass green.

You may uproot me
From field and from lane,
Trample me, cull me—
I spring up again.

I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the road-side.

—*Dinah M. Craik.*

DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils—
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company :
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon my inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— Wordsworth.

DAINTY LADY DAFFODIL.

THE dainty Lady Daffodil
Hath donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state,
She reigns a queen alone.

—*Mary E. Sharpe.*

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

Rose! what dost thou here,
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf
glows?

Rose! here too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all
flowers?

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly life too
high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, O festal rose!
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?
Oh! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and fare-
wells.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

THE ROSE.

THE rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
 The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven.

THE BAY.

WHOM do we crown with the laurel leaf?
The hero-god, the soldier chief;
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
Where clangor deafens and sulphur chokes;
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
Plucked from the gory field of death?

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief;
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow.

It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword;
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

O beautiful bay! I worship thee—
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree;
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
'Tis only to this one I would kneel.
For as Indians fly to the banian branch
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife,
And seek from the bay wreath joy and life.

—*Eliza Cook.*

THE LAUREL.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, in every age,
About their temples wound

The bay, and conquerors thanked the gods
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling time
So far runs back the praise
Of beauty, which disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptations, power defies,
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

— *Wordsworth.*

THE LILAC.

THE lilac, various in array—now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal; as if,
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hues she most approves, she chose them all.

THE LILAC.

LILAC of Persia! tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands; we're fond of travellers.
Have you no legends of some sultan proud,
Or old fire-worshipper? What, not one note
Made on your voyage? Well, 'tis wondrous strange
That you should let so rare a chance pass by,
While those who never journeyed half so far
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse and magnify
What it well knew before!

— *Lydia H. Sigourney.*

THE CHILD AND THE LILY.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White, as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossoms with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

—*W. C. Bryant.*

LILACS.

SHRUBS there are,
... That at the call of Spring
Burst forth in blossomed fragrance; lilacs, robed
In snow-white innocence or purple pride.

—*James Thomson.*

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

—George Croly.

THE LILY.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day:
The leaves that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by ;
And as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There's many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die.

—James G. Percival.

THE PINK.

And dearer I, the Pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gard'ner ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use ;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom !
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

—Goethe.

THE ARBUTUS.

If Spring has Maids of Honor—
And why should not the Spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If Spring has Maids of Honor—
Arbutus leads the train ;
A lovelier, a fairer,
The Spring would seek in vain.

—H. H.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

ROSES.

WE are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capped sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes—
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath
Took a shape in Roses.

Hold one of us lightly,
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'd in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flower—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES.

WE are Lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth and said,
“Lo! my thoughts of white.”

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamoured air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

SWEET - BRIER.

WILD-ROSE, Sweet-brier, Eglantine—
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—oh, that's divine!
Happy sweet and pungent-fine,
Pure as dew, and picked as wine.

As the Rose in gardens dress'd,
Is the lady self-possess'd;
I'm the lass in simple vest,
The country lass whose blood's the best;
Were the beams that thread the brier
In the morn with golden fire
Scented too, they'd smell like me—
All Elysian pungency.

VIOLETS.

WE are Violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss—
Such our breath and blueness is.

Io, the mild shape
Hidden by Jove's fears,
Found us first i' the sward, when she
For hunger stoop'd in tears.
"Wheresoe'er her lip she sets,"
Jove said, "be breaths call'd Violets."

POPPIES.

WE are slumberous Poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose,
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power,
Pluto's always-setting sun,
And Proserpina's bower.
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also ;
Milky-hearted we ;
Taste, but with a reverend care ;
Active, patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers ;
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith) ;
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath :
All who see us love us—
We befit all places ;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and, unto graces, races.

Think of all our treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wan-
ton May ;

Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees *themselves* are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Beech, and roughest nut were blossoms in the spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome an-
theming:
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a thought for
meek devotion.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down, that Love might bring one
piece of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions.

—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE BLUEBELLS OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE roses are a regal troop,
And modest folk the daisies ;
But, Bluebells of New England,
To you I give my praises,—

To you, fair phantoms in the sun,
Whom merry Spring discovers,
With bluebirds for your laureates
And honey-bees for lovers.

The south wind breathes, and, lo! you throng
This rugged land of ours :
I think the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down, and turn to flowers!

By cottage doors along the roads
You show your winsome faces,
And, like the spectre lady, haunt
The lonely woodland places.

All night your eyes are closed in sleep,
Kept fresh for day's adorning :
Such simple faith as yours can see
God's coming in the morning!

You lead me, by your holiness,
To pleasant ways of duty ;
You set my thoughts to melody,
You fill me with your beauty.

Long may the heavens give you rain,
The sunshine its caresses;
Long may the woman that I love
Entwine you in her tresses.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

MARIGOLDS.

OPEN afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises shall be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And then again your dewiness he kisses—
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

—*John Keats.*

THE FERN AND THE MOSS.

THERE were ferns on the mountain, and moss on the
moor;
And the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the
poor.
And the glad breeze blew gayly; from heaven it
came,
And the fragrance it shed over each was the same;
And the warm sun shone brightly, and gilded the
fern,
And smiled on the lowly born moss in its turn;

And the cool dews of night on the mountain fern fell,
And they glistened upon the green mosses as well.
And the fern loved the mountain, the moss loved
the moor,

For the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor.

But the keen blast blew bleakly, the sun waxed high,
And the ferns they were broken, and withered, and
dry ;

And the moss on the moorland grew faded and pale,
And the fern and the moss shrank alike from the
gale.

So the fern on the mountain, the moss on the moor,
Were withered and black where they flourished be-
fore.

Then the fern and the moss they grew wiser in grief,
And each turned to the other for rest and relief ;
And they planned that wherever the fern roots should
grow,

There surely the moss should be sparkling below.

And the keen blasts blew bleakly, the sun waxed
fierce ;

But no wind and no sun to their cool roots could
pierce ;

For the fern threw her shadow the green moss upon,
Where the dew ever sparkled undried by the sun ;
When the graceful fern trembled before the keen
blast,

The moss guarded her roots till the storm-wind had
passed ;

So no longer the wind parched the roots of the one,
And the other was safe from the rays of the sun.

And thus, and forever, where'er the ferns grow,
There surely the mosses lie sparkling below;
And thus they both flourish, where naught grew before,
And they both deck the woodland and mountain
and moor.

—*Eliza Cook.*

FLOWERS.

YE valleys low, where the mild whispers rise
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

—*John Milton.*

THE MOSSES.

THE lovely moss! on the lowly cot
It lies like an emerald crown,
And the summer shower pierceth it not,
As it comes rushing down;
And I love its freshened brilliancy,
When the last rain hath pattered,
And the sparkling drops on its surface lie,
Like stars from the pure sky scattered.

And I love, I love to see it much,
When on the ruin gray,
That crumbles with Time's heavy touch,
It spreads its mantle gay;
While the cold ivy only gives,
As it shivereth, thoughts of fear,
The closely clinging moss still lives,
Like a friend, forever near.

But oh! I love the bright moss most
When I see it thickly spread
On the sculptured stone, that fain would boast
Of its forgotten dead.
For I think if that lowly thing can efface
The fame that earth hath given,
Who is there that would ever chase
Glory, save that of heaven?

—*M. A. Browne.*

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night.

Those in flowers and men are more than seem-
ing;
Workings are they of the self-same powers
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing—
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield.

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink.

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand—
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

—H. W. Longfellow.

HIDDEN USES OF PLANTS.

THERE be in plants
Influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many in-
ventions,
And uses above and around, which man hath not
yet regarded.
Not long, to charm away disease, hath the crocus
yielded up its bulb,
Nor the willow lent its bark, nor the nightshade
its vanquished poison;
Not long hath the twisted leaf, the fragrant gift of
China,
Nor that nutritious root, the boon of far Peru,
Nor the many-colored dahlia, nor the gorgeous
flaunting cactus,

Nor the multitude of fruits and flowers ministered
to life and luxury :
Even so, there be virtues yet unknown in the
wasted foliage of the elm,
In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the
hyacinth drinking in the meadow.
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut
cones of the cedar ;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone
for beauty.
Nor the waxen flower of the arbut, though it
dieth in a day,
Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by
the stars ;
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto
many uses,
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled
orchis, and the daisy.
The world may laugh at famine when forest-trees
yield bread,
When acorns give out fragrant drink, and the sap
of the linden is as fatness :
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man.

—*Martin F. Tupper.*

THANKS to the human heart by which we live—
Thanks to its tendencies, its joys, its fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

—*Wordsworth.*

WORSHIP IN THE WILD-WOOD.

SEE, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as men);
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet and the wren.
As the year advances
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and mild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy is increased,
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.
Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays;
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth to play:
Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor;
Worship Him in your sports; worship Him ever;
Worship Him in the wild-wood;
Worship Him amidst the flowers—
In the green-wood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise.

—*E. Youl.*

III.—TREE-PLANTING.

*HE who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?*

*He who plants a tree,
He plants love ;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best ;
Hands that bless are blest ;
Plant ! Life does the rest !
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.*

—LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, happy trees which we plant to-day,
What great good-fortunes wait you!
For you will grow in sun and snow
Till fruit and flowers freight you.

Your winter covering of snow
Will dazzle with its splendor;
Your summer's garb, with richest glow,
Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade will tired feet
Pause, weary, when 'tis summer,
And rest like this will be most sweet
To every tired new-comer.

—Anon.

A MAN does not plant a tree for himself, he plants it for posterity. And sitting idly in the sunshine, I think at times of the unborn people who will, to some small extent, be indebted to me. Remember me kindly, ye future men and women!

—Alexander Smith.

PLANT trees and care for them. They will repay you for many years to come in fruit and nuts and flowers; and will afford protection for man, beast, and bird against the piercing rays of old Sol in summer and the fierce blasts of rude Boreas in winter. Plant trees.

—Larrabee.

SONG OF ARBOR DAY.

WE have come with joyful greeting,
 Songs of gladness, voices gay,
 Teachers, friends, and happy children
 All to welcome Arbor Day.
 Here we plant the tree whose branches,
 Warmed by breath of summer days,
 Nourished by soft dews and showers,
 Soon shall wave in leafy sprays.

Gentle winds will murmur softly,
 Zephyrs float on noiseless wing;
 'Mid its boughs shall thrush and robin
 Build their nests and sweetly sing.
 'Neath its sheltering arms shall childhood,
 Weary of the noontide heat,
 In its cool, inviting shadow
 Find a pleasant, safe retreat.

Plant we, then, throughout our borders,
 O'er our lands so fair and wide,
 Treasures from the leafy forest,
 Vale and hill and mountain-side.
 Rooted deep, oh, let them flourish,
 Sturdy giants may they be!
 Emblems of the cause we cherish,
 Education broad and free! —*S. J. Pettings.*

FOREST SONG.

A song for the beautiful trees,
A song for the forest grand,
The Garden of God's own hand,
The pride of His centuries.
Hurrah! for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash, and the elm,
The poplar stately and strong.
Hurrah! for the beech-tree trim,
For the hickory stanch at core,
For the locust thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore.

A song for the palm, the pine,
And for every tree that grows,
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah! for the warders proud
Of the mountain-side and vale,
That challenge the thunder-cloud,
And buffet the stormy gale.

A song for the forest aisled
 With its Gothic roof sublime,
 The solemn temple of Time,
 Where man becometh a child,
 As he listens the anthem-roll
 Of the wind in the solitude,
 The hymn that telleth his soul
 That God is the voice of the wood.

So long as the rivers flow,
 So long as the mountains rise,
 May the forests sing to the skies,
 And shelter the earth below.
 Hurrah! for the beautiful trees!
 Hurrah! for the forest grand,
 The pride of His centuries,
 The Garden of God's own hand.

—*W. H. Venable.*

FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere men
 learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
 The lofty vault to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplications.

For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred Influences
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty.

Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn, thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns: thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look
down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark—
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

Here are seen
 No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
 Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
 Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summits of these trees
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath
 That from the inmost darkness of the place
 Comes scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

Here is continual worship; nature, here,
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that midst its herbs
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does.

Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince
 In all the proud Old World beyond the deep
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him.

Nestled at his root
Is beauty such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them.

Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her fair beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble, and are still.

O God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunder-bolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities; who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives. —*Bryant.*

HISTORIC TREES.

I do not wonder that great earls value their trees, and never, save in the direst extremity, lift upon them the axe. Ancient descent and glory are made audible in the proud murmur of immemorial woods. There are forests in England whose leafy noises may be shaped into Agincourt, and the names of the battle-fields of the Roses; oaks that dropped their acorns in the year that Henry VIII. held his field of the Cloth of Gold, and beeches that gave shelter to the deer when Shakespeare was a boy. There they stand, in sun and shower, the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries; and sore must his need be who commands a woodland massacre. A great tree, the rings of a century in its boll, is one of the noblest of natural objects; and it touches the imagination no less than the eye, for it grows out of tradition and a past order of things, and is pathetic with the suggestions of dead generations. Trees waving a colony of rooks in the wind to-day are older than historic lines. Trees are your best antiques. There are cedars on Lebanon which the axes of Solomon spared, they say, when he was busy with his Temple; there are olives on Olivet that might have rustled in the ears of the Master of the Twelve; there are oaks in Sherwood which have tingled to the horn of Robin Hood, and have listened to Maid Marion's laugh. Think of an existing Syrian cedar which is nearly as old as history, which was middle-aged before the wolf suckled

Romulus; think of an existing English elm in whose branches the heron was reared which the hawks of Saxon Harold killed! If you are a notable, and wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both.

—*Alex. Smith.*

THE LOVE OF TREES.

To the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. We love trees with universal and unfeigned love, and all things that do grow under them or around them—the whole leaf and root tribe. Not alone when they are in their glory, but in whatever state they are—in leaf, or rimed with frost, or powdered with snow, or crystal-sheathed in ice, or in severe outline stripped and bare against a November sky—we love them. Our heart warms at the sight of even a board or a log. A lumber-yard is better than nothing. The *smell* of wood, at least, is there, the savory fragrance of resin, as sweet as myrrh and frankincense ever was to a Jew. If we can get nothing better, we love to read over the names of trees in a catalogue. Many an hour have we sat at night, when, after exciting work, we needed to be quieted, and read nursery-men's catalogues, and Loudon's Encyclopædias and Arboretum, until the smell of the woods exhaled from the page, and the sound of leaves was in our ears, and sylvan glades opened to our eyes that would have made old Chaucer laugh and indite a rapturous rush of lines.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot:
There, woodman, let it stand;
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties!
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree, the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot!
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

—George P. Morris.

THE TREE.

THE tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweep-
 ing down.

"No; leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"
 Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to
 crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the wind, as he swung.

"No; leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"
 Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
 Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes; all thou canst see;
 Take them; all are for thee,"
 Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs
 low.

—Björnstjerne Björnson.

THE FOREST.

I LOVE thee in the spring,
Earth-crowning forest! when, amid the shades,
The gentle South first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all the glades.

In the hot summer-time,
With deep delight the sombre aisles I roam,
Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime,
Rest on thy verdant loam.

But oh, when Autumn's hand
Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendor, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave!

— *W. J. Pabodie.*

THE CHOSEN TREE.

"I'LL choose this tree for mine!
When I'm afar, if thou wouldst learn my fate,
Look on it—if it flourish or decline,
Such destiny, believe, will me await!

"At the return of spring,
See if its leaves come forth all fresh and bright;
List if the robin in its branches sing
A carol gay—then know my heart is light!

“Come in the summer days,
And visit it, and sit beneath its shade;
Seek its cool shelter from the noontide rays,
Nor let it thy forgetfulness upbraid.

“And when with autumn’s blast
Its golden-tinted leaves abroad are hurled,
Look if its trunk be hardy to the last,
For such will be my courage through the world.

“Watch it, dear friend, for me!
'Tis bending now, to catch the water’s tone!
The wave, perhaps, may whisper to the tree
Of him who blends its thriving with his own.”

And then his name he graved
Upon the bark, and turned his steps away—
And o’er the river still the branches waved,
And still the stream flowed on, from day to day.

And she, as years went by,
Oft wandered in her walks to that lone spot;
But to her questionings came no reply,
The waves were mute, the breezes answered not.

Dreamer, where art thou now?
The axe has hewn thy tree, but not destroyed—
Rough hewn, perchance, thy fortunes. Where art
thou?
In what far land dost wander—how employed?

The sympathetic chain
Of friendship ever circles thee around,
And by its strong magnetic power again
Thy image to thy chosen tree-is bound.

For still thy friend of old
Is watching o'er thy visioned destiny,
Bound by her promised word, her faith to hold
In this, thy speculative prophecy. —“*Estelle.*”

THE LITTLE LEAF.

ONCE on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:

“What is the matter, little leaf?”

“The wind,” said the leaf, “just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!”

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf:

“Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.” And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

—*Beecher.*

THE STUDY OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

THERE is perhaps no pursuit which leads the mind more directly to an appreciation of that wisdom and goodness which pervade creation than the study of the vegetable kingdom, in which infinite variety, beauty, and elegance, singularity of structure, the nicest adaptations, and the most pre-eminent utility, meet us at every step, and compel us to observe and learn, even when often the least disposed to inquiry or reflection.

—*Robert Chambers.*

THE OAK.

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his!

There needs no crown to mark the forest's King;
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss!

Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring.
How doth his patient strength the rude March wind

Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,

To swell his revenues with proud increase!
So, from oft converse with life's wintry gales,

Should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots
The inspiring earth; how otherwise avails

The leaf-creating sap that upward shoots?

Lord! all thy works are lessons; each contains

Some emblem of man's all-containing soul;
Shall he make fruitless all thy glorious pains,

Delving within thy grace an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of thy Dodona grove,

Cause me some message of thy truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, nor let thy love

Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.

—James Russell Lowell.

Who ever sees a hawthorn or a sweetbrier (the eg-lantine) that his thoughts do not, like a bolt of light, burst through ranks of poets, and ranges of sparkling conceits which have been born since England had a written language, and of which the rose, the willow, the eg-lantine, the hawthorn, and other scores of vines or trees, have been the cause, as they are now and

for evermore the suggestions and remembrancers?
 Who ever looks upon an oak and does not think of
 navies, of storms, of battles on the ocean, of the no-
 ble lyrics of the sea, of English glades, of the fugi-
 tive Charles, the tree-mounted monarch, of the Herne
 oak, of parks and forests, of Robin Hood and his
 merry men, of old baronial halls with mellow light
 streaming through diamond-shaped panes upon oaken
 floors, and of carved oaken wainscotings?

With his gnarled old arms and his iron form,
 Majestic in the wood,
 From age to age, in sun and storm,
 The live-oak long has stood;
 And generations come and go,
 And still he stands upright,
 And he sternly looks on the world below,
 As conscious of his might.

A Song to the oak! the brave old oak!
 Who hath ruled in the green-wood long.
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong!
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out;
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout....
 Then here's to the oak! the brave old oak!
 Who stands in his pride alone;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

—H. F. Chorley.

THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak :
He has stood for a thousand years ;
Has stood and frowned
On the trees around,
Like a king among his peers ;
As round their king they stand, so now,
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower
Through sun and shower,
And dared the winds to battle ;
He has heard the hail,
As from plates of mail,
From his own limbs shaken, rattle ;
He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
(When the storm had roused his might)
Of the forest-trees, as a strong man doth
The heads of his foes in fight.

—George Hill.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
Excels all trees that in the forest grow :
From acorn small, that trunk, those branches rise,
To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade,
From noontide sun, or from the drenching rain ;
And of its timber stanch vast ships are made,
To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

A TRUE NOBLEMAN.

THERE is an affinity between all natures, animate and inanimate. The oak, in the pride and lustihood of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. With its lofty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a *true nobleman* should be: a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless; warding off from the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is this is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is otherwise abuses his eminent advantages—abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate? “WHY CUMBERETH HE THE GROUND?”

—Washington Irving.

THE OAK.

THE monarch *oak*, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots slowly up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

—Dryden.

THE ELM.

HAIL to the elm! the brave old elm!
Our last lone forest-tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand,
For a brave old elm is he!
For fifteen score of full-told years
He has borne his leafy prime,
Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of the olden time!
Then hail to the elm! the green-topp'd elm!
And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave.

—*N. S. Dodge.*

First in our regard, as it is first in the whole nobility of trees, stands the white elm, no less esteemed because it is an American tree, known abroad only by importation, and never seen in all its magnificence except in our own valleys. The old oaks of England are very excellent in their way, gnarled and rugged. The elm has strength as significant as they, and a grace, a royalty, which leaves the oak like a boor in comparison. Had the elm been an English tree, and had Chaucer seen and loved and sung it; had Shakespeare and every English poet hung some garlands upon it, it would have lifted up its head now, not only the noblest of all growing things, but enshrined in a thousand rich associations of history and literature.

—*Beecher.*

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

THE mountain ash,
Deck'd with autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show
Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn; the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brighten'd round her! — *Wordsworth.*

SONG OF THE MAPLE.

MAPLE, from the leafy wild-wood,
Where thine early years have sped,
Emblem of our happy childhood,
To the past forever fled—
Here, with radiant spring adorning
Banks and braes with buds and flowers,
We, in life's hope-lighted morning,
Leave thee to the sun and showers.

Infant leaves, unclasp your fingers;
Sunshine, kiss their tender palms;
Evening wind, as twilight lingers,
With our maple in thine arms,
Sway and sing, "O dews of evening,
Daily, as ye sink to rest,
May ye see that nearer heaven
Grows the nestling on my breast."

On the early dawning morrow,
In the garden-world of care,
We must meet the joy and sorrow
That await our coming there.
O brave hearts! when restful evening
Finds our daily duty o'er,
May it find *us* nearer heaven,
Than we were the day before.

—R. M. Streeter.

THE MOTION OF THE LEAVES.

DIFFERENT species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell by the motion of shadows on the ground, if he be too indolent to look up, under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip-tree (which has the finest name that ever tree had, making the very pronouncing of its name almost like the utterance of a strain of music—*Liriodendron tulipifera*)—on the tulip-tree, the aspen, and on all native poplars, the leaves are apparently Anglo-Saxon or Germanic, having an intense individualism. Each one moves to suit itself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left, and others still, quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child; and each one intent upon a motion of its own. Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves, but usually the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or all are alike still.

—Beecher.

PUSSY-WILLOW.

Oh, you pussy-willow! Pretty little thing,
Coming with the sunshine of the early spring!
Tell me, tell me, pussy, for I want to know,
Where it is you come from, how it is you grow?

Now, my little girlie, if you'll look at me
And my little sisters, I am sure you'll see
Tiny, tiny houses, out of which we peep
When we first are waking from our winter's sleep.
This is where we come from. How it is we grow,
I will try, my girlie, now to let you know:
As the days grow milder, out we put our heads,
And we lightly move us in our little beds—
Find the world so lovely, as we look about,
That we each day move a little farther out;
And when warmer breezes of the spring-time blow,
Then we little pussies all to catkins grow.

THE WILLOW.

O WILLOW, why forever weep
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep,
What utter grief can last so long?

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree.
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

THE DROOPING-WILLOW.*

GREEN willow! over whom the perilous blast
Is sweeping roughly, thou dost seem to me
The patient emblem of humility,
Waiting in meekness till the storm be passed,
Assured an hour of peace will come at last;
That there will be for thee a calm bright day
When the dark clouds are gathered far away.

How canst thou ever sorrow's emblems be?
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,
In mild endurance bending gracefully,
Is like the wounded heart, which 'mid the storm
Looks for the promised time which is to be,
In pious confidence. Oh, thou shouldst wave
Thy branches o'er the lowly martyr's grave!

—*L. E. Landon.*

* **WEeping-WILLOW.**—This tree has ever been regarded as the symbol of *sorrow*, and most appropriately, for not only do its pensive-looking branches droop mournfully towards the ground, but even very frequently little drops of water are to be seen standing, like tears, upon the pendent leaves. In its native East it is often planted over graves, and with its sorrowful, afflicted look, forms a most appropriate guardian of the departed ones' rest.

"The famous and admired weeping-willow," says Martyn, "planted by Pope, which has since been felled to the ground, came from Spain, enclosing a present for Lady Suffolk. Pope was present when the covering was taken off; he observed that the pieces of stick appeared as if they had some vegetation, and added, 'Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.' Under this idea, he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others."

A GROVE OF PINES.

To most people a grove is a grove, and all groves are alike. But no two groves are alike. There is as marked a difference between different forests as between different communities. A grove of pines without underbrush, carpeted with the fine-fingered russet leaves of the pine, and odorous of resinous gums, has scarcely a trace of likeness to a maple woods, either in the insects, the birds, the shrubs, the light and shade, or the sound of its leaves. If we lived in olden times among young mythologies, we should say that pines held the imprisoned spirits of naiads and water-nymphs, and that their sounds were of the water for whose lucid depths they always sighed. At any rate, the first pines must have grown on the sea-shore, and learned their first accents from the surf and the waves ; and all their posterity have inherited the sound, and borne it inland to the mountains.

THE POPLAR-TREE.

WHY tremble so, broad aspen-tree?
 Why shake thy leaves ne'er ceasing?
 At rest thou never seem'st to be,
 For when the air is still and clear,
 Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
 Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
 Thou tremblest still, broad aspen-tree,
 And never tranquil seem'st to be.

A LEGEND OF THE ASPEN-TREE.

THE Lord of Life walked in the forest one morn,
When the song-wearied nightingale slept on the
thorn;

Not a breath the deep hush of the dawning hour
broke,

Yet every tree, even the firm-knotted oak,
The tall warrior pine, and the cedar so regal,
The home of the stork and the haunt of the eagle,
All the patriarchal kings of the forest adored,
And bowed their proud heads at the sight of the Lord.

One tree, and one only, continued erect,
Too vain to show even the Saviour respect!
The light giddy aspen its leafy front raised,
And on the Redeemer unbendingly gazed.
Then a cloud, more of sorrow than wrath, dimmed
the brow

Of Him to whom everything living should bow;
While to the offender, with shame now opprest,
He breathed in these words the eternal behest:

"Alas for thy fate! thou must suffer, poor tree,
For standing when others were bending the knee.
Thou'rt doomed for thy fault an atonement to pay—
Henceforth be a rush, for the wild winds to sway.
Sigh, sport of their fury, and slave of their will!
Bow, e'en in a calm, when all others are still!
And shivering, quivering, droop evermore,
Because thou wouldst not with thy brothers adore."

The weak aspen trembled, turned pale with dismay,
And is pallid with terror and grief to this day.
Each tremulous leaf of the penitent tree
Obeys to this moment the heavenly decree.
'Tis the sport of the wild winds, the slaves of their will;
E'en *without* a breeze bends, when all others stand still;
And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore.

—*Eleanore Darby.*

WILD-THORN BLOSSOMS.

DEEP within the tangled wild-wood,
Where the tuneful thrushes sing,
And the dreaming pine-trees whisper
In their sleep a tale of spring;
Where the laughing brook goes leaping
Down the mountain's mossy stair,
There the wild white-thorn is flinging
Its sweet fragrance everywhere.

Rough and rugged are its branches,
But its bloom is white as snow;
And the roaming bees have found it,
In their wanderings to and fro,
And they gather from its sweetness
Heavy freights the livelong day,
And go sailing homeward, singing
Their thanksgivings all the way.

All unheeded fall the blossoms,
Like sweet snow-flakes through the air,
And the summer marches onward
With its fragrance rich and rare;
But the grateful bee remembers,
As he winds his mellow horn,
That the spring-time was made sweeter
By the blossoms of the thorn.

—J. S. Cutler.

THE IVY.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mould'ring dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations scattered been ;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past ;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

—*Charles Dickens.*

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree !
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;
 There gently lay the roots, and there
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
 And press it o'er them tenderly,
 As round the sleeping infant's feet
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet.
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?
 Buds which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;
 We plant upon the sunny lea
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter from the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky;

While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by the cottage hearth;

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree,
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star,
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,

Where men shall wonder at the view,
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
 And they who roam beyond the sea
 Shall think of childhood's careless day,
 And long hours passed in summer play
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
 The years shall come and pass ; but we
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

But time shall waste this apple-tree.
 Oh, when its aged branches throw
 Thin shadows on the ground below,
 Shall fraud and force and iron will
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?
 What shall the task of mercy be,
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
 Of those who live when length of years
 Is wasting this apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"
 The children of that distant day
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree." — *W. C. Bryant*

THE WAY-SIDE INN—AN APPLE-TREE.

I HALTED at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending—
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty bough depending.

Mine host—it was an apple-tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his sweetest, choicest fruit
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a little feathered guest
Came through his branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves
With whispers low caressed me.

And when I rose and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him and departed.

—*From the German.*

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promise-glory,

And the mavis pipes his story

In the spring!

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals, baby-white,

Just to touch them, a delight,

In the spring!

Have you walk'd beneath the blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,

And the silver brooklets brawling,

And the cuckoo bird is calling,

In the spring!

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring?

In the spring?

In an English apple-county in the spring?

When the bride and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair,
Apple blossoms everywhere
In the spring!

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring!

THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

O BLOOM of the apple so bright!
Rich rose-bloom dissolving in white!
When Phœbus's brush
Wrought thy beautiful blush,
It must have been dipped in the dawn's
tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

O bloom of the apple! my rhyme
Should be read after day's golden prime,
When flowers go to sleep,
And pale stars rise and peep
Into orchards where sprites a long revel
might keep,
And elfin harps airily chime!

A FEW RULES FOR TREE-PLANTERS.

RULE 1. Having selected the place in which you wish to plant the tree, make an excavation large enough to receive its roots without cramping them, or forcing them into unnatural positions. Have a care as to the soil in which the roots are to be embedded and by which they are to be covered; generally it should be of the same character as that from which the tree is taken; and the more nearly it is so the greater will be the probability of a thrifty growth and a healthy tree. The soil which is to receive the tree should also be dry enough to crumble readily—not wet or clammy.

RULE 2. In taking up a tree from its native soil, avoid, so far as possible, all unnecessary injury to the roots. Before it is replanted, the injured parts should be carefully trimmed or removed. Neglect of this rule is often the cause of decay and disease and the ultimate destruction of the tree.

RULE 3. If the soil to be planted in is of a clayey character, the bottom of the pit which is to receive the tree-roots should be convex, or dome-shaped, with the higher part in the centre, so that any excess of water which may pass through the soil shall be carried off to the sides. In some cases, also, it will be well to have holes bored in the pit with a post-auger or other instrument. This prevents injury to the tree through the accumulation of too much water about the roots. Avoid excess of moisture as well as drouth.

RULE 4. When the roots are so long as to inconvenience the planting of the tree, they may be cut off—not entirely, but to a necessary length. In many cases this will hasten the setting of the roots by causing a number of rootlets to be sent out from the wounds so made.

RULE 5. Great care should be taken to prevent any possible displacement of the roots after the tree has been planted. Until they have become thoroughly set in the soil, and have made considerable growth in their new location, they are especially liable to displacement through movement of the trunk by the wind and other causes. One method of guarding against this is to drive one or more stakes close to the tree-stem, and to lash them to it so firmly as to prevent any shaking of the tree. "Another method is the staying of the stem by means of four lengths of wire which are made fast to it at a convenient height from the ground, and extended downward and outward till they reach the surface, where their ends are wound round pegs driven firmly, so as to keep the wire in a state of tension and the tree in an upright position in the centre of the circle thus formed. Roots of large trees, when placed in the ground without pruning, are extended as nearly as possible conformable to their natural repose, and in this position are bound down by means of forked pegs. By the adoption of this plan the necessity for outside supports is lessened, as the pegs hold the roots so firmly that no danger of their displacement need be anticipated."

RULE 6. Do not prune the branches of the tree to such an extent as to weaken or check its growth. It is a mistake to suppose that a tree will grow the more surely by having its head lopped off. To trim an otherwise handsome tree into the semblance of a bean-pole is foolish, barbarous, and entirely unnecessary. Through the leaves which a tree puts forth it derives from the air and sun the larger part of its nourishment and strength; and by these leaves also its stem is protected from the drying influences of the summer sun.

RULE 7. After the tree has been planted for some years, and has developed in size and strength, its systematic pruning becomes a matter of considerable importance. "Observation of its natural habit," says General Brisbin, "will teach the planter how much or how little is required to be cut away."

The great object in pruning is to obtain a straight stem, regular outline of tree, and equalize the members necessary to its support. . . . The most suitable time for the pruning of trees is in midsummer, when the leaves are in full bloom and the sap is in a state of quietude. They may also be pruned at the commencement of winter, as at this season any wounds formed will readily heal. . . . In pruning large trees, the wounds should be protected from the decomposing influence of moisture by applying a thin coat of common grafting-wax to the exposed wood; or varnishing the parts with a preparation of gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol will fill and dry the pores of the wound and exclude any injurious agencies."*

KINDS OF TREES TO PLANT.

(Adapted from *Edmund Spenser*.)

THE sailing Pine; the Cedar, proud and tall;
 The vine-prop Elm; the Poplar, never dry;
 The builder Oak, sole king of forests all;
 The Aspen, good for staves; the Cypress, funeral;
 The Laurel, meed for mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the Fir, that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worn of hopeless paramours;
 The Yew, obedient to the bender's will;
 The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow,† for the mill;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash, for nothing ill;
 The fruitful Apple, and the Platane‡ round;
 The carver Holm;§ the Maple seldom inward sound.

* Much additional information of value may be found in "Trees and Tree-Planting," by General Brisbin.

† Willow. ‡ Sycamore, Button-wood, or Water Beech. § Holly.

SOME FAMOUS TREES.

THE baobab-trees of the Cape Verde Islands. "A group of these trees, crowning the summit of its rocks, gives the name of the Cape Verde Isles—'Green Cape.'"

The giant trees of California. Within an area of fifty acres there are about five hundred of these trees, ninety of which are of great size. Among these are "The Washington Tree"; "The Miner's Cabin," a hollow tree three hundred feet high, with an excavation thirty feet in circumference; "The Three Sisters," which spring from one root, and are so interlaced as to appear but one tree; and "The Riding School," a hollow tree which has been blown down, and into which a horse may be ridden seventy-five feet, and then turned around.

The great chestnut-tree of Mount Etna, within whose trunk a hundred horsemen can be concealed. It is hollow, and measures one hundred and eighty feet around.

The cedars of Mount Lebanon, some of them over thirty feet in diameter.

The banyan-trees of India. One in Ceylon throws a shadow at noon over four acres of ground.

The willow-tree of Babylon, supposed to be one of the remains, perhaps the only one, of the garden of Semiramis. "As no bird or insect ever lights upon it, or flowers grow, or, indeed, live near it, the Arabs believe its branches to be evil spirits whose presence is a bane."

The walnut-tree of Balaklava, twelve hundred years old, from which nearly one hundred thousand nuts fall every year.

The linden-tree of Neustadt. In 1832 this tree was thirty-

seven feet in diameter, and was supported by one hundred and six stone pillars. In that year it was wrecked by a storm. For centuries it was so well known in Germany that the city was familiarly spoken of as "Neustadt near the linden."

The "Cypress of Montezuma," at Chapultepec, Mexico. When Cortez conquered the country in 1520 it was nearly fifteen feet in diameter, and more than one hundred and twenty feet in height.

Pope's Willow. (See Note, page 100.)

Peter Stuyvesant's pear-tree.

The "Charter Oak," of Hartford, Connecticut.

The "Treaty Elm," of Philadelphia.

The "Liberty Tree," on Boston Common.

Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, planted at Stratford-on-Avon by the poet's own hand, and cut down in 1786, "wantonly and brutishly," by Rev. F. Gastrel.

The yew-tree at Fountain Abbey, Yorkshire, said to be twelve hundred years old. Another yew-tree in a church-yard at Baburn, Kent, which was measured by Evelyn in 1660, and then said to be two thousand eight hundred and eighty years old.

The Wadsworth oak at Genesee, New York, twenty-seven feet in circumference.

The great oak of Saintes, in southern France, ninety feet in circumference.

OUTLINE PROGRAMMES.

I.—EXERCISES ON FLOWER-PLANTING DAY.

1. Music.
2. Procession of the Flowers.
3. Introductory Address (brief and to the point).
4. Song by the School (see Nos. 5, 10, 14, 27, 29, in List of Songs, page 118).
5. Recitation (see pp. 19, 36, 43, 47, etc.).
6. Recitation (see pp. 18, 22, 29, 37, etc.).
7. A Short Essay on Flowers.

8. Songs and Chorus of the Flowers (see p. 61).
 9. Song by the Smallest Children (see Nos. 8, 17, 28, 12, etc., in List of Songs, page 118).
 10. Recitation (see pp. 40, 43, 47, 50, etc.).
 11. Recitation (see pp. 30, 38, 45, 71, etc.).
 12. Address by the Teacher or some Friend of the School.
 13. Music.
 14. Essay.
 15. Planting the Flowers.
 16. Song (see List, Nos. 1, 10, 18, 23, 30, 31).
 17. Select Reading (see Harper's Second Reader, pp. 13, 26, 97, 104, 143, 170, 174, 184; Third Reader, pp. 28, 47, 133, 195; Fourth Reader, pp. 18, 20, 130, 262, 365).
 18. Essay.
 19. Concert Exercise (see page 74).
 20. Music.
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II.—EXERCISES ON ARBOR DAY.

1. Music.
2. Song by Class or School (see pp. 77, 78; also List of Songs on page 118, Nos. 1, 13, 18, 21, 27, 33).
3. Introductory Address.
4. Short Recitations (see pp. 10, 76, 85, 91, 36).
5. Essay (see List of Subjects, page 117).
6. Procession of Trees, and Recitation.
7. Music.
8. Song by the School (see List, Nos. 4, 9, 16, 21, 29, 31).
9. Select Readings (see Harper's Second Reader, pp. 31, 43, 143, 170, Third Reader, pp. 20, 30, 63, 195, 235; Fourth Reader, pp. 114, 250, 291, 352).
10. Essay (see List of Subjects, p. 117).
11. Address.
12. Recitation (see pp. 75, 76, etc.).
13. The Tree-planting.
14. Naming the Trees.
15. Recitation (see pp. 79, 84, 88, 95, 102, 105).
16. Recitation (see pp. 90, 94, 99, 108, etc.).
17. Essay (see page 117).
18. Song (see List, page 118).

19. Concert Exercise (see pp. 33, 35, 73, 78, etc.).
20. Song by Little Children (see List, Nos. 8, 12, 17, 28, etc.).
21. Music.

These programmes may be varied or extended by additional exercises, derived either from other sources or by using a larger number of the recitations or songs indicated above.

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.

- The Forest-trees of America.
- The Native Trees of My Own County.
- The Great Forest Regions of the World.
- The Influence of Climate upon Trees.
- The Influence of Trees upon Climate.
- The Influence of Trees upon Rainfall.
- The Influence of Trees upon the Soil.
- The Influence of Trees upon Rivers and Brooks.
- The Uses of Trees.
- Lumbering.
- The Oak, its varieties, uses, etc.
- Fruit-trees, and Shade-trees.
- Fables about Trees.
- Food-producing Trees.
- Some Curious Trees.
- The Trees of the Torrid Zone.
- The Enemies of Trees.
- Trees in the Country.
- Trees on a Farm.
- Trees by the Way-side.
- Trees in the City.
- The Leaves of Trees.
- The Medicinal Qualities of Trees.
- Historic Trees.
- The Great Forests of the Carboniferous Age.
- The Origin of Coal.
- Poisonous Trees.
- How to Make a Collection of the Different Varieties of Wood.
- Chips. Wood-chopping.
- The Sap of Trees.

The Bark of Trees—varieties and uses.
 My Favorite Tree.
 Why I Like Trees.
 How to Take Care of Trees.
 Trees Mentioned in the Bible.
 Trees Mentioned in American History.

SONGS APPROPRIATE FOR SPRING FESTIVALS, FLOWER-PLANT-
 ING EXERCISES, AND ARBOR DAY.

(Words and Music in "*Franklin Square Song Collection*.")

1. A Wild Rose in the Forest.	Song Collection, No. 1, Page	52
2. Blossom Time.	" 1, "	171
3. Longing for Spring.	" 1, "	127
4. Come to the Old Oak Tree.	" 1, "	57
5. May is Here, the World Rejoices.	" 1, "	35
6. The Month of Apple Blossom.	" 1, "	174
7. Singing in the Rain.	" 1, "	34
8. Birds are in the Woodland (Kindergarten Song).	" 2, "	37
9. The Brave Old Oak*	" 2, "	103
10. Breathings of Spring.	" 2, "	23
11. The Brook (Tennyson).	" 2, "	98
12. Smiling May Comes in Play.	" 2, "	159
13. Spring, Gentle Spring.	" 2, "	45
14. Come Where Flowers are Flinging.	" 3, "	50
15. I Love the Summer-time	" 3, "	111
16. Song of the Maple.*	" 3, "	102
17. Song of the Daisy.*	" 3, "	92
18. Summer is Coming.	" 3, "	130
19. Song of Arbor Day.*	" 3, "	139
20. Woodman, Spare that Tree.*	" 3, "	73
21. The Greenwood Tree.	" 4, "	175
22. Hear the Birds of Summer Sing.	" 4, "	27
23. Lovely May.	" 4, "	143
24. Spring-time Once Again	" 4, "	51
25. There is Beauty in the Forest.	" 4, "	26
26. Who is He Plants for the Days to Come?	" 4, "	81
27. A Spring Song.	" 5, "	119
28. Come to the Meadows (Kindergarten Song).	" 5, "	138
29. Song of the May.	" 5, "	21
30. Wandering in the May-time.	" 5, "	12
31. Now the Merry Spring.	" 6, "	141
32. The Little Leaves.	" 6, "	106
33. The Trees and the Master.	" 6, "	15

* The words of these songs are given in this volume, pages 93, 97, 47, 77, and 86, respectively.

Part 11.

MEMORIAL DAY.

**SELECTIONS OF POETRY AND OF PROSE SUITABLE FOR USE IN
SCHOOLS AND FOR PUBLIC EXERCISES IN CONNECTION WITH THE
OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL, OR DECORATION, DAY.**

THROUGH all history, from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs have fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fall, recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in the confidence of their cause.

—*George William Curtis.*

AND every village graveyard will have its green mounds, that shall need no storied monument to clothe them with a peculiar consecration—graves that hold the dust of heroes—graves that all men approach with reverent steps—graves out of whose solemn silence shall whisper inspiring voices, telling the young from generation to generation how great is their country's worth and cost, and how noble and beautiful it was to die for it.

—*Putnam.*

PEACE to the brave who nobly fell
'Neath our flag, their hope and pride !
They fought like heroes long and well,
And then like heroes died.
Nobly they died in freedom's name,
Died our country's flag to save ;
Forever sacred be their fame
And green their honored graves.

—*W. T. Adams.*

WITH malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

MEMORIAL, OR DECORATION, DAY.

MEMORIAL DAY, or, as it is called in some sections, Decoration Day, is the day set apart to the memory of the soldiers who have died in the wars of the United States. Its observance began in a quiet way while yet the great war for the Union was in progress. In a few rural neighborhoods the women who had lost fathers, brothers, husbands, or sons in the conflict met together in the early spring-time and decorated with flowers the graves of those who had fallen. The ceremony was recognized throughout the country as at once beautiful and appropriate, and in the following year it was repeated with additional interest and an increased number of participants. But it was not until 1868 that there was a general movement towards thus perpetuating the memory of the heroic dead. In that year the 30th of May was formally designated as Memorial Day, and, in many localities, the occasion was observed with appropriate public exercises and religious services.

The custom of decorating the graves of soldiers having begun in the more remote country districts, found its first full observance in the smaller towns, and gradually extended to more populous communities. In most of the states Decoration Day is now a legal holiday, and people of all classes and of all political persuasions unite in doing honor to those who died in defence of what they deemed a patriotic principle.

In many rural communities the anniversary is observed in a simple but very impressive manner. On the preceding Sunday, the surviving veterans of the war march in a body to the village church and listen to a sermon appropriate to the occasion—a sermon in which loyalty to country and home is described as the noblest, the most honorable of human virtues. As the minds of these men are stirred with the recollection of what they have dared and done and suffered, a renewed sense of self-respect and individual responsibility takes hold upon them; and a spirit of self-sacrificing and patriotic devotion pervades the hearts of the entire congregation. And when the day itself arrives, men, women, and children, moved by a common impulse, are ready to join in its proper observance. Dressed in holiday garb, and carrying such floral tributes as gardens and fields afford, old and young repair to the cemetery. The graves of the heroic dead, whether “Federals” or “Confederates,” are all decorated alike by the same hands; and then the people collect in village hall or neighboring grove to listen to some patriotic address, to revive old memories, sing old songs, tell old stories, and again be reminded of their duties to their fellow-men. Sectional animosities are forgotten, the bitterness of party strife is hushed, the hands of those who once were foes are clasped in friendly intercourse and greeting, and they remember only their common brotherhood as citizens of one country, to which they are proud to acknowledge patriotic allegiance.

School-children are generally given a holiday on Decoration Day. Exercises in the schools in honor

of the occasion are therefore more easily arranged for the day immediately preceding; nor is it at all inappropriate that the 29th of May should thus be observed by pupils as a kind of preparation day. An hour devoted to the singing of songs and the reading or speaking of pieces adapted to the occasion will do much towards quickening the patriotic impulses and arousing loyal sentiments. And not only the children, but the parents who may be invited to listen to these exercises, will be instructed regarding the origin and the object of the holiday and its accompanying ceremonies. They will be impressed with the fact that patriotism is not merely an abstract sentiment, but a matter so real that multitudes of men have offered their lives for their country. They will learn that the world honors valor when it is exerted in defence of a principle honestly maintained; and that nobility of purpose coupled with the spirit of self-sacrifice always wins the esteem of mankind. They may also be reminded that those animosities which once existed between different sections of our country have ceased, and that prejudices and bitter recriminations should no more have place among the people of this nation; but that all Americans are fellow-countrymen with one common interest at heart; and that the gentle virtue of forgiveness is even stronger and far more noble than courage on the battle-field. And, finally, they may be shown that war is at best but a cruel necessity; and that although we keep alive the memory of warlike deeds, it is that we may the more surely perpetuate an era of unbroken and blessed peace.

SONGS ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN CONNECTION
WITH THE OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL DAY.

(All these songs are included in the "Franklin Square Song Collection.")

1. My Country, 'Tis of Thee	Song Collection, No. 1, Page	30
2. Our Country's Flag, O Emblem Dear	" 1, "	117
3. Weep for the Fallen	" 1, "	130
4. The Star Spangled Banner	" 1, "	65
5. The Sabre Song	" 1, "	53
6. A Soldier's Life	" 2, "	133
7. Battle Hymn of the Republic	" 2, "	117
8. Warren's Address	" 2, "	133
9. Come, My Gallant Soldier, Come	" 3, "	107
10. My Own Native Land	" 3, "	100
11. The Soldier's Tear	" 3, "	6
12. Flowers for the Brave	" 4, "	6
13. Keller's American Hymn	" 4, "	76
14. Soldiers' Chorus	" 4, "	62
15. Three Cheers for the Olden Time	" 4, "	10
16. The Battle Prayer	" 5, "	153
17. Peace to the Brave	" 6, "	149
18. Tenting on the Old Camp Ground	" 6, "	26
19. Ye Sons of the Nation	" 6, "	27
20. While We Shed a Tear	" 6, "	134

I.—IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

*WHAT note of sorrow wounds the joyous May?
The birds are music-maddened in the dells—
From out a myriad throats the chorus swells;
The jubilee for winter passed away,
No cloudlet dims the splendor of the day;
Fair Freedom calls, and will not be appeased—
Bring laurel wreaths, and blossoms sweet and rare,
To grace their graves who died to save the land!*

—SARAH D. HOBART.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

How many went from happy homes,
Their hearts with high hopes burning!
How many loved ones wait in vain
To greet their home returning!
O cruel war! O suffering ones!
At last, beside life's river,
May we answer the bugle-call, at home,
And meet them all forever!

MEMORIAL DAY.

To-day, as the pulses powerful
Of the glad young year awake,
It would seem that with tokens flowerful
A nation had gone to take,

While passing in throngs processional
Over sweeps of mellowed sod,
The sky for a blue confessional,
And to tell its grief to God!

But more than to march regretfully
With the earth-reverted gun,
And more than to merge forgetfully
The Blue and the Gray in one,

Were to love, with its sweet sublimity,
The thought of an endless peace,
And to yearn, in grand unanimity,
That war might forever cease!

For how is your service beautiful,
O mourners that meet to-day,
If the hands that are now so dutiful
Shall to-morrow spoil and slay?—

If the hate that your love is levelling
Shall to-morrow lift its brow,
And redden with bloody revelling
The graves that you garland now?

For only if all humanity
Could have learned to well abhor
The imperious blind insanity,
The iniquitous waste of war,

Would the splendid and stainless purity
Of to-day beam out afar,
Down the duskiness of futurity,
As with light of a morning star!

And then would the blooms you shed upon
These numberless grave-mounds be
As though the dews they had fed upon
Were the waters of Galilee!

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

BRING flowers, to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
When they who sleep beneath
Were full of vigorous breath,

And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
Holding in strong right hand
The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when e'en the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
To view the mighty war,
And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and
hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won!
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in
vain,
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one

More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son,

Who came not back, or, coming, sank and died :
In him the whole sad list is glorified !

“He fell ’fore Richmond, in the seven long days

When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed
eve,

And lies there,” one pale widowed mourner says,

And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.

“My boy fell at Fair Oaks,” another sighs ;

“And mine at Gettysburg,” his neighbor cries,

And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.

I think of one who vanished when the press

Of battle surged along the Wilderness,

And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

O gallant brothers of the generous South !

Foes for a day, and brothers for all time,

I charge you by the memories of our youth,

By Yorktown’s field and Montezuma’s clime,

Hold our dead sacred ; let them quietly rest

In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best !

Your vines and flowers learned long since to for-
give,

And o’er their graves a brodered mantle weave ;

Be you as kind as they are, and the word

Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,

And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake

Responsive to your kindness, and shall make

Our peace the peace of brothers once again,

And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause:
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and
sighs—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share:
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave!
Let the bells toll, and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Full of those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

—Henry Peterson.

THE SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

HARK, to the shrill trumpet calling;
It pierceth the soft summer air!
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there.

The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drums' muffled breath rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sad sound.

Sleep, soldier! though we weep o'er thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.

The man thou didst love as a brother
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

Hearts that now mourn for thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
And thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee.

But one friend shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty
She wept by the soldier's grave.

—*Caroline Norton.*

BREATHE BALMY AIRS.

BREATHE balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head ;
Ye crystal dews and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride ;
For us their precious lives they gave,
For freedom's sacred cause they died.

Each cherished name its place shall hold,
Like stars that gem the azure sky ;
Their deeds on history's page enrolled,
Are sealed for immortality.

Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
May freedom's spotless banner wave ;
And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

—S. F. Smith.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE OLDEN TIME.

THREE cheers, three cheers for the olden time,
And the brave that knew no fear ;
They stood erect as the giant oak,
And laughed when the storm was near.

Like them we'll boast of the land we love,
And her proud flag streaming high;
We'll sing aloud for the bright green hills,
While the ocean waves reply.

They dared to look in the flashing eye
Of the storm-king when he passed;
A shout went up, and a peal of joy
Rang out on the wintry blast.

The grass is green where they calmly rest,
Those veterans true and brave;
Their memory shines like a radiant star
O'er the land they died to save.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

WHILE WE SHED A TEAR.

WHILE we shed a tear of feeling
For the spirits that are fled,
While we drink a toast in silence
To the memory of the dead;
When the flag o'erhead recalls us,
Thousands of the great and free,
Who with dying cheers once shouted,
"Freedom, Home, and Victory!"
Shall it e'er be said that freemen,
Weeping for the hosts who fell,
Left forgotten those old veterans
Who once fought so long and well?

Those who, maimed and weak and wounded,
On the shore and on the wave,
Now are claiming from their country
Freedom's tribute to the brave?
Veterans worn in loyal service,
Friends when danger darkly pressed,
Shall we not deserve their blessing,
Ere the aged sink to rest?
Go, and gaze on wounds that smarted
In the tug and toil of war;
Go, and give them, open-hearted,
Something for each glorious scar.

—*J. Addison.*

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE.

ONCE again the flowers we gather
On these sacred mounds to lay;
O'er the tombs of fallen heroes
Float the Stars and Stripes to-day.

From the mountain, hill, and valley
Issued forth a noble throng,
With heroic valor fighting
Till was heard the victor's song.

But these brave men now are sleeping
While their deeds in memory live,
And the tribute we are bringing
'Tis the nation's joy to give.

Bring we here the gold and purple,
Scarlet, blue, and lily white,
Tassels from the silver birches,
And the tulips gay and bright.

Swords no more are brightly flashing,
Foes no more our land molest;
Slumb'ring in the green-clad valley,
Low and peaceful is their rest.

Earth to them was full of promise,
Home and friends and life were dear,
But when loud the war-cry echoed,
Quick the answer, "We are here!"

Swiftly now the years are rolling,
While the honor and the fame
Of the valiant brave increases,
And more dear each noble name.

Bring bright flowers the graves to garland,
Let the sweetest music rise,
Let the Stars and Stripes be waving,
O'er their generous sacrifice.*

—*E. W. Chapman.*

* This poem, set to music, may be found in the "Franklin Square Song Collection" Number 4, page 6.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[The following poem was suggested by reading that the women of Columbus, Miss., strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the Union soldiers:]

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Brodered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

So when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the widening rivers be red;
Our anger is banished forever
When are laurelled the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*F. M. Finch.*

ODE.

[On decorating the graves of Confederate soldiers at Charleston, S.C.]

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tribute! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

—*Henry Timrod.*

A BALLAD OF HEROES.

"Now all your victories are in vain."

BECAUSE you passed, and now are not—
Because in some remoter day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away—
Because you perished—must men say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Though it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird; though you remain
Without distinction of decay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

No, for while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulse's play,
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid cares—of cities gray;
While yet they grow for homelier fray
More strong from you, as reading plain
That Life may go, if Honor stay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.
—*Austin Dobson.*

DECORATION DAY.

STREW the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;
Heart-felt the tribute we lay on each bed:
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed:
Waves the starred banner from sea-coast to sea;
Grateful the living and honored the dead.

Dear to each heart are the names of the brave;
Resting in glory how sweetly they sleep!
Dew-drops at evening fall soft on each grave,
Kindred and strangers bend fondly to weep;
Kindred bend fondly, and drooping eyes weep
Tears of affection o'er every green grave;
Fresh are their laurels and peaceful their sleep:
Love still shall cherish the noble and brave.

Peace o'er this land, o'er these homes of the free,
Brood evermore with her sheltering wing;
God of the nation, our trust is in thee—
God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King;

God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King,
Thou art our refuge, our hope is in thee;
Strong in thy blessing and safe 'neath thy wing,
Peace shall encircle these homes of the free.

—S. F. Smith.

SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of battled fields no more,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here,
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;

While our slumb'rous spells assail ye,

Dream not, with the rising sun,

Bugles here shall sound reveille.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,

Think not of the rising sun;

For at dawning, to assail ye,

Here no bugle sounds reveille.

—*Sir Waller Scott.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!

What to him is friend or foeman,

Rise of moon or set of sun,

Hand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know.

Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,

Proved his truth by his endeavor;

Let him sleep in solemn night,

Sleep forever and forever.

Lay him low, lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know.

Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?—
What but death-bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know.
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know.
Lay him low!

—G. H. Boker.

The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburgh.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[Written on the occasion of removing to their native land the remains of Kentuckians who fell in the battle of Buena Vista.]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud;
And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past.
Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Comes down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wakes each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger-steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air!

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from War its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—Theodore O'Hara.

THE TROOPER'S DIRGE.

To horse—to horse! the bugles call,
And sadly swells the mournful strain
That warns us to the burial
Of one who ne'er shall mount again.
His course is run—his fame is won—
For well he reined as free a steed
As ever bore to daring deed,
When charging hosts came spurring on.

His course is run—his battles done—
He died as aye he wished to die;
The well-fought field was fairly won,
And Victory pealed her clarion nigh;
Nor on his lip of beauteous pride,
When, high in hope, he rode among
The brave, the noble, and the young,
Wreathed such a smile as when he died.

Stern eyes became, as woman's, weak,
Nor scorned to soil the clustering gold
That floated o'er his marble cheek,
With tears that would not be controlled.
For though none bolder struck with brand,
When boiling veins were up and wild,
Yet never even the gentlest child
Had kinder heart or freer hand.

To horse—to horse! no more I weep;
His high career was run full fast—
Thus on the battle-field to sleep
His long, lone sleep of death at last.
No more I weep; but far away
Are deep blue eyes to weep in vain—
Fair lips not soon to smile again—
And hearts to wail this bitter day.

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

New England's dead! New England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the Northern hill,
And on the Southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought—
That land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men—

But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress—
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
Oh, where are ye to-day?
I call: the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

—Isaac M'Lellan.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave!
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh, could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and tho' blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

—*Thomas Moore.*

HEROES AND MARTYRS.

HEROES and martyrs! they are the men of the hour. They are identified with the names that live upon the lips of millions. It is of these, more than all others, that the people talk, around their firesides and in their assemblies. It is of these that we may freely speak, even in the sanctuary. Our heroes and martyrs! a cloud of witnesses for the spirit and worth of the nation. Our heroes! named in the homes of all who have left home and occupation, comfort and kindred, and stood in the midst of the battle; presented to us in glorious clusters on many a deck and field. An entire discourse might be made up of instances. Our memories run backward and forward through this war, collecting files of illustrious deeds. We remember the man who covered the threatened powder with his body—the gunner who, bleeding to death, seized the lanyard, fired his cannon, and fell back dead—the gallant captain, who, when his artillerymen were killed, and himself left alone, sat calmly down upon his piece, and, with revolver in hand, refusing to fly, fought to the end and died, the last man at his gun—the old Massachusetts Second at Gettysburg, five standard-bearers of which were shot down in succession, but the colors dropped by one were grasped by another, and never touched the ground. These are instances, hastily gathered from glorious sheaves—not exceptional, but representative instances. These are the men of the hour, who illustrate the value of our

country by the richest crop that has ever sprung from her soil.

But where the hero stands, there also the martyr dies. With the chorus of victory blends the dirge—mournful, and yet majestic too. The burden of that dirge, as it falls from the lips of wives and mothers, of fathers and children, is sad and tender, like the strain of David weeping for those who fell upon Gilboa. That burden is still mournful, but as it passes on and it reissues from a nation's lips, it swells also into exultation and honor—that same burden—"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

—*E. H. Chapin.*

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land!

Ah, who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed—
Into the Silent Land!

—*From Johann Gaudenz von Salis.*

THE VOICES OF THE DEAD.

THE world is filled with the voices of the dead. They speak not from the public records of the great world only, but from the private history of our own experience. They speak to us in a thousand remembrances, in a thousand incidents, events, and associations. They speak to us, not only from their silent graves but from the throng of life. Though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. They are with us by the silent fireside and in the secluded chamber. They are with us in the paths of society, and in the crowded assemblies of men. They speak to us from the lonely way-side; and they speak to us from the venerable walls that echo to the steps of a multitude and to the voice of prayer.

Go where we will, the dead are with us. We live, we converse with those who once lived and conversed with us. Their well-remembered tone mingles with the whispering breeze, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring-time. The earth is filled with their shadowy train.

The earth is filled with the labors, the works, of the dead. Almost all the literature in the world, the discoveries of science, the glories of art, the ever-enduring temples, the dwelling-places of generations, the maxims, the opinions of the living, the very framework of society, the institutions of nations, the fabrics of empires—all are the works of the dead. By these they who are dead yet speak.

—Orville Dewey.

SONS OF THE NATION.

Sons of the nation, to glory restored,
Strew with fresh laurels the patriot's grave,
Heed the libation to Liberty poured,
Honor the blood of the fearless and brave.

When the red bolts of destruction were hurled,
Bursting in tempests of fury and flame,
Faithful to freedom, the hope of the world,
Swift to the rescue each patriot came.

Trace it in marble as white as the snows,
Chisel in granite the record sublime;
Sacred to freedom, and teaching our foes
Lessons of wisdom as lasting as time.

Bright as the stars in the firmament shine,
Still may they watch o'er this land from on high;
Teaching our hearts as their names we enshrine,
Faithful to freedom to live and to die.

THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er, with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover 'mid death and doom
Passed—a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it:
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honored the brave who died sword in
hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him:

“A soldier’s death thou hast boldly died;
A soldier’s grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thy hand
My own life’s blood should dye it.

“Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o’er thee,
Or the coward to insult the gallant dead
Who in life had trembled before thee.”

Then dug he a grave in the crimsoned earth
Where his warrior-foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

—*Letitia Elizabeth Landon.*

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
“She must weep or she will die.”

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe:
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face:
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee :
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“ Sweet, my child, I live for thee.”

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THERE ARE NO DEAD.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away ;
And then we call them—dead.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again ;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread ;
For all the boundless universe
Is life! There are no dead. —*J. L. McCreery.*

CONTENTED.

THE soldier said, as he was called to die:
"I am contented;
But tell my mother in the village,
My sweetheart in the cottage,
To pray for me with folded hands."

The soldier's dead ; his mother and his sweetheart,
They pray for him with folded hands.
They dug his grave upon the battle-field,
And all the earth was red
Wherein they laid him,
The sun beheld him thus, and said :
"I am contented."

And flowers clustered on his grave,
And were contented there to bloom.
And when the wind would roar
Among the trees,
Then asked the soldier from his deep, dark grave :
"Was it the flag that fluttered ?"
"Nay!" said the wind, "my gallant hero,
Nay, thou hast died in battle, but the flag
Hath won the day. Thy comrades
Have carried it away full happily."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave :
"I am contented."

And then he hearkened to the wandering
Of herds and shepherds, and he asked:
"Is that the din of battle?"
"Nay!" they said, "nay, my gallant hero;
For thou art dead; the war is over;
Thy father-land is free and happy."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

And then he hearkened to the lovers' laughter;
And thus the soldier asked:
"Are these the people's voices who remember me?"
"Nay!" spake the lovers, "nay, my gallant hero,
For we are they who never do remember;
For spring hath come, and all the earth is smiling;
We must forget the dead."
Then said the soldier from his deep, dark grave:
"I am contented."

—*Carmen Sylva.*

II.—IN TIME OF WAR.

*HARK, heard ye not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath!
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? The fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the
shock.*

—LORD BYRON.

No free government was ever founded or ever preserved its liberty without uniting the characters of the citizen and soldier in those destined for defence of the State. The sword should never be in the hands of any but those who have an interest in the safety of the community, who fight for their religion and their offspring; and repel invaders that they may return to their private affairs and the enjoyment of freedom and good order.

—*Josiah Quincy, Jr.*

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiments will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars will be less likely to become general as the great principle shall be more and more established that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself.

—*Daniel Webster.*

I will not speak of war in itself—I have no time; I will not say with Napoleon, that it is the practice of barbarians; I will not say that it is good. It is better than the past. A thing may be better, and yet not good. This war is better than the past, but there is nothing in it which we might not have gotten better, fuller, and more perfectly in other ways. And yet it is better than the craven past, infinitely better than a peace which had pride for its father and subserviency for its mother.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

THE BATTLE.

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came!
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front,
 "Halt!"
And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?
"See you the foeman's banners waving?"
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"
"God be with you, children and wife!"
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—
How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse
 to the strife!
Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone—
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!

Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their thunder!

From host to host, with kindling sound,

The shouted signal circles round;

Freer already breathes the breath!

The war is waging, slaughter raging,

And heavy through the reeking pall

The iron death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes—

“Ready!”—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man from flank to flank,

And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.

Many a soldier to earth is sent,

Many a gap by the balls is rent;

O’er the corpse before springs the hinder man,

That the line may not fall to the fearless van.

To the right, to the left, and around and around,

Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.

God’s sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight,

Over the hosts falls a brooding night!

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o’er,

In the life to come we may meet once more.

The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,

And the living are blent in the slippery flood,

And the feet, as they reeling and sliding go,

Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.

“What! Francis?—Give Charlotte my last farewell.”

As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—

"I'll give— O God! are the guns so near?
Ho, comrades! yon volley! look sharp to the rear!—
I'll give to thy Charlotte thy last farewell!
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsaketh thy side may regain!"
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!
The adjutants flying—
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—
Victory!
Tremor has seized on the dastards all,
And their leaders fall!

Victory!

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight;
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night;
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song.
Farewell, fallen brothers; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once
more.

—*Translated from Schiller by Bulwer.*

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of
heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn:
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

GENERAL WARREN TO HIS TROOPS AT THE
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves.
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you!—they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale

On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:
But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
 Of his deeds to tell! —*John Pierpont.*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green-wood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
 As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee—
Grave men with hoary hairs—
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

MUSTERED OUT.

LET me lie down
Just here, in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer,
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to
share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe underfoot, and our flag overhead.
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shatter'd head and sabre-pierced
breast?

Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and
shell—
Through without faltering—clear through with a
yell!
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dash'd, at the mandate of doom.
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty.
Some things are worthless, and some others so
good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my
heart;
It is duty.

Dying at last.
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell, and God bless you forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest,
Dying at last!

I am no saint ;
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins
"Our Father," and then says "Forgive us our sins."
Don't forget that part ; say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say "Amen."
Ah, I'm no saint !

Hark ! there's a shout.
Raise me up, comrades ; we have conquer'd, I know !
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe.
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right !
Well may they shout.

I'm muster'd out.
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong !
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-redden'd sod
I die for the nation, the Union, and God !
I'm muster'd out.

— *W. E. Miller.*

DEATH, THE PEACE-MAKER.

Two soldiers, lying as they fell
Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes ; at night, in peace,
Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast ;
Fate only made them foes,
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice said:

"To-day we've done our best
On different sides. What matters now?
To-morrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
For only my own sake,
But far away are other hearts
That this day's work will break.

"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills
There pray for me to-night
A woman and a little girl
With hair like golden light—"
And at the thought broke forth at last
The cry of anguish wild
That would no longer be repressed—
"O God! my wife and child!"

"And," said the other dying man,
"Across the Georgia plain
There watch and wait for me loved ones
I'll never see again.
A little girl with dark bright eyes
Each day waits at the door.
The father's step, the father's kiss,
Will never meet her more.

"To-day we sought each other's lives;
Death levels all that now,
For soon before God's mercy-seat
Together we shall bow.

Forgive each other while we may;
 Life's but a weary game,
 And right or wrong, the morning sun
 Will find us, dead, the same."

The dying lips the pardon breathe,
 The dying hands intwine;
 The last ray dies, and over all
 The stars from heaven shine;
 And the little girl with golden hair,
 And one with dark eyes bright,
 On Hampshire's hills and Georgia's plain,
 Were fatherless that night.
 —*Ellen H. Flagg.*

UNDER CANVAS.

OH, is it a phantom? a dream of the night?
 A vision which fever hath fashion'd to sight?
 The wind, wailing ever, with motion uncertain
 Sways sighingly there the drench'd tent's tatter'd
 curtain

To and fro, up and down,

But it is not the wind
 That is lifting it now; and it is not the mind
 That hath moulded that vision.

A pale woman enters,
 As wan as the lamp's waning light, which concentrates
 Its dull glare upon her. With eyes dim and dimmer,
 There, all in a slumb'rous and shadowy glimmer,
 The sufferer sees that still form floating on,
 And feels faintly aware that he is not alone.

She is flitting before him. She pauses. She stands
 By his bedside all silent. She lays her white hands
 On the brow of the boy. A light finger is pressing
 Softly, softly, the sore wounds: the hot blood-stain'd
 dressing

Slips from them. A comforting quietude steals
 Thro' the racked weary frame; and throughout it he
 feels

The slow sense of a merciful, mild neighborhood.
 Something smooths the toss'd pillow. Beneath a gray
 hood

Of rough serge two intense tender eyes are bent o'er
 him,

And thrill thro' and thro' him. The sweet form be-
 fore him,

It is surely Death's angel Life's last vigil keeping!

A soft voice says, "Sleep!"

And he sleeps: he is sleeping.

He waked before dawn. Still the vision is there:
 Still that pale woman moves not. A minist'ring care
 Meanwhile has been silently changing and cheering
 The aspect of all things around him.

Revering

Some power unknown and benignant, he bless'd
 In silence the sense of salvation. And rest
 Having loosen'd the mind's tangled meshes, he faintly
 Sigh'd, "Say what thou art, blessed dream of a saintly
 And minist'ring spirit!"

A whisper serene

Slid softer than silence: "The Sœur Seraphine,
 A poor Sister of Charity. Shun to inquire
 Aught further, young soldier. The son of thy sire,

For the sake of that sire, I reclaim from the grave.
 Thou didst not shun death : shun not life. 'Tis more
 brave

To live than to die. Sleep!"

He sleeps : he is sleeping.

He waken'd again, when the dawn was just steeping
 The skies with chill splendor. And there, never
 fitting,

Never flitting, that vision of mercy was sitting.
 As the dawn to the darkness, so life seem'd returning
 Slowly, feebly within him. The night-lamp, yet
 burning,

Made ghastly the glimmering daybreak.

He said :

"If thou be of the living, and not of the dead,
 Sweet minister, pour out yet further the healing
 Of that balmy voice ; if it may be, revealing
 Thy mission of mercy ! whence art thou ?"

"O son

Of Matilda and Alfred, it matters not ! One
 Who is not of the living nor yet of the dead :
 To thee and to others alive yet," she said,
 "So long as there liveth the poor gift in me
 Of this ministration : to them and to thee
 Dead in all things beside. A French nun, whose
 vocation

Is now by this bedside. A nun hath no nation.
 Wherever man suffers, or woman may soothe,
 There her land ! there her kindred !"

She bent down to smooth
 The hot pillow, and added : " Yet more than another

Is thy life dear to me. For thy father, thy mother,
I know them—I know them.”

“Oh, can it be? you!
My dearest, dear father! my mother! you knew—
You know them?”

She bow'd, half averting her head,
In silence.

He brokenly, timidly said,
“Do they know I am thus?”

“Hush!”—she smiled as she drew
From her bosom two letters; and—can it be true?
That beloved and familiar writing!

He burst
Into tears: “My poor mother! my father! the worst
Will have reached them!”

“No, no!” she exclaim'd, with a smile,
“They know you are living; they know that mean-
while

I am watching beside you. Young soldier, weep
not!”

But still on the nun's nursing bosom the hot
Fever'd brow of the boy weeping wildly is press'd.
There, at last, the young heart sobs itself into rest;
And he hears, as it were between smiling and weep-
ing,

The calm voice say, “Sleep!”

And he sleeps: he is sleeping.

—Owen Meredith.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of a battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed—
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then—
That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his face,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

Not a sound, not a breath!
And as still as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonets' shine;
All is tumult below,
Surging friend, surging foe;
But not a hair's-breadth moves our adamant line,
Waiting so grimly.

The battle smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill where we stand, like a pall for the
world;
And a gleam now and then
Shows the billows of men,
In whose black, boiling surge we are soon to be
hurled
Redly and dimly.

There's the word: "Ready all!"
See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare.
Then the other word—Ha!
We are moving. Huzza!
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the
glare,
Rushing to glory!
Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men;
Then on, with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Ned?
No answer: he's dead!
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping
out,
Crimson and gory!

On! on! Do not think
Of the falling; but drink
Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war!
On! on! Let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!

Catch the captain—he's hit! 'Tis a scratch—nothing more.

Forward forever!

Huzza! Here's a trench.

In and out of it! Wrench

From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of Fame!

Charge! charge! with a yell

Like the shriek of a shell,

O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame!

Back again? Never!

The rampart. 'Tis crossed—

It is ours! It is lost!

No—another dash now and a glaciis is won!

Huzza! What a dust!

Hew them down! Cut and thrust!

A T-i-g-e-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—

Victory! Victory!

—*Nathan D. Urner.*

THE NEWS OF A DAY.

"GREAT battle! *Times* extra!" the newsboy cried;

But it scarcely rippled the living tide

That ebbcd and flowed in the busy street,

With its throbbing hearts and its restless feet.

Again through the hum of the city thrilled,

"Great battle! *Times* extra! Ten thousand killed!"

And the little carrier hurried away

With the sorrowful news of that winter day.

To a dreary room in the attic high
Trembled the words of that small, sharp cry,
And a lonely widow bowed down her head
And murmured: "Willie—my Willie is dead!
Oh, I feared it was not an idle dream
That led me, last night, to that deep, dark stream,
Where the ground was wet with a crimson rain,
And strewn all over with ghastly slain!
The stars were dim, for the night was wild,
But I threaded the gloom till I found my child.

"The cold rain fell on his upturned face,
And the swift destroyer had left no trace
Of the sudden blow, and the quick, sharp pain,
But a little wound and a purple stain.
I tried to speak, but my voice was gone,
And my soul stood there in the cold gray dawn
Till they rifled his body with ruthless hand,
And covered him up with the reeking sand.

"Willie! oh, Willie! it seems but a day
Since thy baby head on my bosom lay—
Since I heard thy prattle so soft and sweet,
And guided the steps of thy tottering feet;
And thou wert the fairest and last of three
That the Father in heaven had given to me.
All the life of my heart—love, hope, and joy—
Were treasured in thee, my strong, brave boy;
And the last faint words that thy father said
Were, 'Willie will mind thee when I am dead!'
But they tore the flag from thy death-cold hand
And covered thee up in the reeking sand."

She read the names of the missing and slain,
But one she read over again and again;
And the sad, low words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren—dead!"
The world toiled on through the busy street,
With its aching hearts and unresting feet;
The night came down to her cold hearth-stone,
And she still read on in the same low tone;
And still the words that her white lips said
Were, "Company C, William Warren—dead!"

The light of the morning chased the gloom
From the emberless hearth of that attic room,
And the city's pulses throbbed again,
But the mother's heart had forgotten its pain.
She had gone through the gates to the better land
With that terrible list in her pale, cold hand—
With her white lips parted, as last she said,
"Company C, William Warren—dead!"

—*Mrs. S. T. Bolton.*

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow ;
Pale are the lips, of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold ;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is stiff and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.

Somebody's hand had rested there ;
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light ?

God knows best ! He was somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and noon, on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,

And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

—*Mrs. Lacoste.*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
'Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,

As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him
both ;
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

—*T. Buchanan Read.*

CALLING THE ROLL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried.
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!" and a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear man saw him fall—
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice said "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two: the sad wind
sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.
"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the road-side his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*N. G. Shepherd.*

KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead! the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth;
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain-gap
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had in his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of the wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spoke in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed:
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel :

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment-seat :

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me ;

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more blood to see than this stain on the
snow;

There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces, all streaked, and crimson-soaked
hair.

Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-
night

To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep!

More! more! Ah! I thought I could never more
know

Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,

Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son—how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each with hat in hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over towards this dim
light
These dead men that stare so? Ah! if you had
kept
Your senses this morning, ere his comrades had
left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them
all—
Not 'mid the stragglers—where he fought he would
fall.

There's the moon through the clouds: O Christ, what
a scene!
Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine?
Hark, a groan! there another—here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah! here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore. Bah! they died for this
rag.

Here's the voice that we seek: poor soul, do not
start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the
heart!
Is there aught we can do?—a message to give
To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,

To take it, for sake of the words my boy said—
“Home,” “mother,” “wife”—ere he reeled down
’mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; ’twas the Ninth. Oh,
the blood

Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my
own!

My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He’s dying—he’s dead! Close his lids; let us go.
God’s peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies!—my soul has turned
sick;

Must we crawl o’er these bodies that lie here so
thick?

I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are.
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of
War.

He’s not here—and not here. What wild hopes
flash through

My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue quiet sky!

Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face
doth lie

Upturned towards me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! ’Tis a dream. My old
sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to
rest.

Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby touch: was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're
right.

Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night!
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your
years

May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again; ah! don't lay your face there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your
loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke
first?

Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead:
Those corpses are stirring. God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

THE TRAILED BANNER.

TAKE that banner down! 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, let it rest;
For there's not a man to wave it,
For there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not a hand to lave it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it.
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it fluttered high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard, for those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner—furl it sadly;
Once six millions hailed it gladly,
And ten thousand wildly, madly
Swore it should forever wave.
Swore that foemen's swords should never
Hearts like theirs intertwined dis sever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl that banner softly, slowly;
Furl it gently; it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfurl it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled.
Furl it, for the hands that grasped it
And the hearts that fondly clasped it
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
Oh, how wildly they deplore it
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! True, 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages.
Furl its folds, for now we must.

—J. A. Ryan.

BANNOCKBURN.

AT Bannockburn the English lay,
The Scots they were na far away,
But waited for the break o' day
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath
And lighted up that field o' death,
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,
His heralds thus addressed:

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led!
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

"Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

"Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

“By oppression’s woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

“Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
Let us do or die!”

—*Robert Burns.*

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen’ral lay
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me,
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
 No less our skill is

Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there ;
O Lord ! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;
Armor on armor shone ;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham !
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went;
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
 With his brave brother,

Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily—
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

—*Michael Drayton.*

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all
glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of
Navarre.

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the
dance,
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O
pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of
the waters,
Again let rapture light the eye of all thy mourn-
ing daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our
joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who would thy
walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the
chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Na-
varre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the
dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flem-
ish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses
of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon
in his hand!
And as we looked on them we thought of Seine's
impurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair, all dabbled with his
blood;

And we cried unto the living God, who rules the
fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Na-
varre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gal-
lant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was
stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from
wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save
our lord, the king!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall, and fall full well
he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid
the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Na-
varre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the min-
gled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roar-
ing culverin!
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint-André's
plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
mayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
of France,

Charge for the golden lilies, now upon them with
the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand
spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the
snow-white crest;

And in they burst and on they rushed, while, like
a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of
Navarre.

Now, God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne
hath turned his rein—

D'Aumales hath cried for quarter; the Flemish
count is slain,

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags,
and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along
our van,

“Remember Saint Bartholomew!” was passed from
man to man;

But out spake gentle Henry then: “No Frenchman
is my foe;

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go.”

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or
in war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre!

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.

Ho, Philip! send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho, gallant nobles of the League! look that your
arms be bright.

Ho, burghers of Saint Genevieve! keep watch and
ward to-night.

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor
of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glo-
ries are!

And honor to our sovereign lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

—*T. B. Macaulay.*

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

THE SERGEANT OF THE FIFTIETH.

Out of blackened clouds of powder
Gazed the moon upon the sight,
Where had rolled the battle's thunder
Ere the coming of the night.
An old sergeant of the Fiftieth
To his general made report :
"Present four—and I—all wounded.
Praised be God, we hold the fort !"

Weak and trembling were his accents,
For his blood was almost spent ;
But the general asked him, gruffly,
What this foolish trifling meant—
Where his company were quartered.
Turning to his comrades four,
He made answer : "Pardon, general,
Shot and shell have left no more!

"These the mitrailleuse has spared us,
Five poor wounded—these alone.
Sharp and fierce the shock of battle,
But the enemy are gone."
"Then return to your battalion,
Comrade brave," the general said.
"Pardon, general ; here you see them—
On the crimson sod are laid

"All the rest!" The general murmured,
Gnawing at his mustache gray:
"Sorely my poor boys are beaten—
Cursèd be their task to-day!
Still, we took those murderous cannon—
To your regiment repair."
With low voice replied the sergeant,
"Pardon, general, they are here!"

Seizing with his hand the sergeant's,
Tears dissolved the general's pride;
"God avert more such misfortunes!"
In a quivering voice he cried.
"Friends, the eagle which we followed,
And the flag, are they lost, too?"
"Never!" and the bloody tatters
From his breast the soldier drew.

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'Twas the day beside the Pyramids—
It seems but an hour ago—
That Kleber's Foot stood firm in squares,
Returning blow for blow.
The Mamelukes were tossing
Their standards to the sky,
When I heard a child's voice say, "My men,
Teach me the way to die!"

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot;

But still he feebly beat his drum,
As though the wound were not.
And when the Mamelukes' wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, "Oh, men of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!

"My mother has got other sons,
With stouter hearts than mine,
But none more ready blood for France
To pour out free as wine.
Yet still life's sweet," the brave lad moaned,
"Fair are this earth and sky ;
Then, comrades of the Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

I saw Salenche, of the granite heart,
Wiping his burning eyes—
It was by far more pitiful
Than mere loud sobs and cries.
One bit his cartridge till his lip
Grew black as winter sky,
But still the boy moaned, "Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die !"

Oh, never saw I sight like that !
The sergeant flung down flag,
Even the fifer bound his brow
With a wet and bloody rag,
Then looked at locks and fixed their steel,
But never made reply,

Until he sobbed out once again,
"Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray:
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, "We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die!"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind pass'd.
Earth shook, and heaven answered.
I watched his eagle eye
As he faintly moaned, "The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die!"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He leaped into the fight;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might;
But, proudly beating on his drum,
A fever in his eye,
I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow,
Stretched on a heap of dead;

His hand was in the grenadier's
Who at his bidding bled.
They hung a medal round his neck,
And closed his dauntless eye;
On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

'Tis forty years from then till now—
The grave gapes at my feet—
Yet when I think of such a boy
I feel my old heart beat.
And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
Hearing a feeble cry,
And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

—Walter Thornbury.

THE DRUMMER BOY.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"CAPTAIN GRAHAM, the men were sayin'
Ye would want a drummer lad,
So I've brought my boy Sandie,
Tho' my heart is woful sad;
But nae bread is left to feed us,
And no siller to buy more,
For the gudeman sleeps forever
Where the heather blossoms o'er.

Sandie, make your manners quickly,
Play your blithest measure true—

Give us 'Flowers of Edinboro','
While yon fifer plays it too.
Captain, heard ye e'er a player
Strike in truer time than he?"
"Nay, in truth, brave Sandie Murray
Drummer of our corps shall be."

"I give ye thanks—but, captain, maybe
Ye will hae a kindly care
For the friendless, lonely laddie,
When the battle wark is sair:
For Sandie's aye been good and gentle,
And I've nothing else to love,
Nothing—but the grave off yonder,
And the Father up above."

Then, her rough hand gently laying
On the curl-encircled head,
She blessed her boy. The tent was silent,
And not another word was said;
For Captain Graham was sadly dreaming
Of a benison, long ago,
Breathed above his head, then golden,
Bending now, and touched with snow.

"Good-bye, Sandie." "Good-bye, mother,
I'll come back some summer day;
Don't you fear—they don't shoot drummers
Ever. Do they, Captain Gra——?
One more kiss—watch for me, mother;
You will know 'tis surely me

Coming home—for you will hear me
Playing soft the reveille.”

After battle. Moonbeams ghastly
Seemed to link in strange affright,
As the scudding clouds before them
Shadowed faces dead and white;
And the night wind softly whispered,
When low moans its light wing bore—
Moans that ferried spirits over
Death’s dark wave to yonder shore.

Wandering where a footstep careless
Might go splashing down in blood,
Or a helpless hand lie grasping
Death and daisies from the sod,
Captain Graham walked swift onward,
While a faintly beaten drum
Quickened heart and step together:
“Sandie Murray! See, I come!

“Is it thus I find you, laddie?
Wounded, lonely, lying here,
Playing thus the reveille?
See—the morning is not near.”
A moment paused the drummer boy,
And lifted up his drooping head:
“Oh, Captain Graham, the light is coming,
’Tis morning, and my prayers are said.

“Morning! See, the plains grow brighter—
Morning—and I’m going home;

That is why I play the measure;
Mother will not see me come,
But you'll tell her, won't you, captain—"Hush,
the boy has spoken true;
To him the day has dawned forever,
Unbroken by the night's tattoo.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary with bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and frowning under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Beneath the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;

Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Sweet girl! her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ay, soldier! to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring. —*Bayard Taylor.*

THE GUARD ON THE RHINE.

THERE swells a cry as thunders crash,
As clash of swords and breakers dash—
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine.
Who will protect thee, river mine?
Dear father-land, let peace be thine—
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine.

To millions swiftly came the cry,
And lightnings flashed from every eye:
Our youth, so good and brave, will stand
And guard thee, holy border-land.
Dear father-land, let peace be thine—
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

And though my heart should beat no more,
No foreign foe will hold thy shore;
Rich, as in water is thy flood,
Is Germany in hero-blood.
Dear father-land, let peace be thine—
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

The oath resounds, the billows run,
Our colors flutter in the sun;
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,
We will protect thee, river mine.
Dear father-land, let peace be thine—
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine!

—*Translated from the German.*

III.—PEACE versus WAR.

*OH, first of human blessings, and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Live, brothers like, in amity combined,
And unsuspecting faith; whose honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.*

—THOMSON.

The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land.

—*Charles Sumner.*

THE triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakespeare will be renewed with greater lustre in ages yet to come, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.

—*W. H. Prescott.*

Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free,
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

PEACE AND WAR.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps the moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
vault,

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
So stainless that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul about this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

Ah! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red
smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow

Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountain ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the busting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage! Loud and more loud
The discord grows, till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan,
With some soul-bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away;
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful
path

Of the outsallying victors: far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

THE EVILS OF WAR.

WAR is emphatically, and more especially a war between brethren, a disgrace to civilization; and any war is a drain upon the life-blood, and originates in wrong. Evil spirits give power to evil men for its inauguration, that amid conflicts of blood they may cast all down to the dark regions where the waves of oblivion will close over them. Its evils cannot be written, even in human blood. It sweeps our race from earth, as if heaven had repented the making of man. It lays its skinny hand upon society, and leaves it deformed by wretchedness and black with gore. It marches on its mission of destruction through a red sea of blood, and tinges the fruits of earth with a sanguine hue, as the mulberry reddened in sympathy with the romantic fate of the devoted lovers. It "spoils the dance of youthful blood," and writes sorrow and grief prematurely upon the glad brow of childhood; it chills the heart and hope of youth; it drinks the life-current of early manhood, and brings down the gray hair of the aged with sorrow to the grave; it weaves the widow's weeds with the bridal wreath, and the land, like Rama, is filled with wailing and lamentation. It lights up the darkness with the flames of

happy homes. It consumes, like the locusts of Egypt, every living thing in its path-way. It wrecks fortunes, brings bankruptcy and repudiation, and blasts the fields of the husbandman ; it depopulates towns, and leaves the cities a modern Herculaneum. It desolates the fireside, and covers the family dwelling with gloom, and an awful vacancy rests where, like a haunted mansion,

“No human figure stirred to go or come,
 No face looked forth from shut or open casement;
 No chimney smoked; there was no sign of home
 From parapet to basement.

* * * * *

“No dog was on the threshold, great or small,
 No pigeon on the roof, no household creature,
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall,
 Not one domestic feature.”

It loads the people with debt, to pass down from one generation to another like the curse of original sin. Upon its merciless errand of violence it fills the land with crime and tumult and rapine, and it “gluts the grave with untimely victims and peoples the world of perdition.” In the struggle of its death throes it heaves the moral elements with convulsions, and leaves few traces of utility behind it to mitigate its curse; and he who inaugurates it, like the ferocious Hun, should be denominated the scourge of God ; and when his day of reckoning shall come, he will call upon the rocks and mountains to hide him from popular indignation.

—*Daniel S. Dickinson.*

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

I NEED not now dwell on the waste and cruelty of war. These stare us wildly in the face, like lurid meteor-lights, as we travel the page of history. We see the desolation and death that pursue its demoniac footsteps. We look upon sacked towns, upon ravaged territories, upon violated homes; we behold all the sweet charities of life changed to wormwood and gall. Our soul is penetrated by the sharp moan of mothers, sisters, and daughters—of fathers, brothers, and sons, who, in the bitterness of their bereavement, refuse to be comforted. Our eyes rest at last upon one of those fair fields where Nature, in her abundance, spreads her cloth of gold, spacious and apt for the entertainment of mighty multitudes, or perhaps, from the curious subtlety of its position, like the carpet in the Arabian tale, seeming to contract so as to be covered by a few only, or to dilate so as to receive an innumerable host. Here, under a bright sun, such as shone at Austerlitz or Buena Vista—amid the peaceful harmonies of Nature, on the Sabbath of peace—we behold bands of brothers, children of a common father, heirs to a common happiness, struggling together in the deadly fight, with the madness of fallen spirits, seeking with murderous weapons the lives of brothers who have never injured them or their kindred. The havoc rages. The air is rent

by their commingling cries. Horse and rider are stretched together on the earth. More revolting than the mangled victims, than the gashed limbs, than the lifeless trunks, are the lawless passions which sweep, tempest-like, through the fiendish tumult.

“Nearer comes the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful
on.

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has
won?

‘Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O’er the dying rush the living: pray, my sister, for them all!’”

Horror-struck, we ask, wherefore this hateful contest?
The melancholy but truthful answer comes, that this
is the *established* method of determining justice be-
tween nations!

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar’s work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now, tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;

So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a nursing-mother then,
And new-born baby, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won,
And our good prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl!” quoth he;
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

—*Robert Southey.*

THE COURTESIES OF WAR.

WHERE communities are very large, the heavier evils of war are felt but by few. The ploughboy sings, the spinning-wheel turns round, the wedding-day is fixed, whether the last battle were lost or won. In little States it cannot be thus; every man feels in his own property and person the effect of a war. Every man is a soldier, and a soldier fighting for his nearest interests. His own trees have been cut down, his own corn has been burned, his own house has been pillaged, his own relations have been killed. How can he entertain towards the enemies of his country the same feelings with one who has suffered nothing from them, except perhaps the addition of a small sum to the taxes which he pays? Men in such circumstances cannot be generous. They have too much at stake. It is when they are, if I may so express myself, playing for love; it is when war is a mere game of chess; it is when they are contending for a remote colony, a frontier town, the honors of a flag, a salute, or a title, that they can make fine speeches, and do good offices to their enemies. The Black Prince waited behind the chair of his captive; Villars exchanged repartees with Eugene; George II. sent congratulations to Louis XV. during a war upon occasion of his escape from the attempt of Damiens; and these things are fine and generous, and very gratifying to the author of the "Broad Stone of Honor,"

and all other wise men who think, like him, that God made the world only for the use of gentlemen. But they spring in general from utter heartlessness. No war ought ever to be undertaken but under circumstances which render all interchange of courtesy between combatants impossible. It is a bad thing that men should hate each other ; but it is far worse that they should contract the habit of cutting one another's throats without hatred. War is never lenient but where it is wanton ; when men are compelled to fight in self-defence, they must hate and avenge ; this may be bad ; but it is human nature ; it is the clay as it came from the hand of the potter. —*Macaulay.*

PEACE.

O PEACE! thou source and soul of social life!
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ;
Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;
Who sheathes the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
Into the well-piled armory returns ;
O day, thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life ; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed ; and hark !
Now the soft peace-march beats—Home, brothers,
home!

The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onward
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gesture.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

—*Thomson.*

A BATTLE.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is especially charged with to mind what others are doing.

The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, watercourse, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon.

Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is

murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and every variety of torture.

The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut ; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and groan without assistance ; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eye and tongue lolling out, plies his trade ; blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are splattered over him ! The battle-field is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are, in their vocation, earning their bread. What will not men do for a shilling a day ?

But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick are left in a hurry, to be killed by stray shots or beaten down, as the charge or counter-charge goes over them. The ripening grain is trampled down ; the garden is trodden into a black mud ; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot ; churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict ; barns and granaries take fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have not consumed.

The surviving soldiers march on, to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return, to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupt in the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy and endow it, and a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill-side with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

—*Charles Sumner.*

THE FORCED RECRUIT.

SOLFERINO, 1859.

IN the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast;
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers
He yearned to your patriot bands—
“Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands.

“Aim straightly, fire steadily ; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away !”

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then ? Many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side.

One tricolor floating above them ;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive : 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you ? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here :
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory—let him have a tear.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE CHARACTER OF WAR.

AND first as to the character of war, or that part of our nature in which it has its origin. Listen to the voice of the ancient poet of *Boeotian Ascra* :

“This is the law for mortals ordained by the Ruler of Heaven;
Fishes and Beasts and Birds of the air devour each other;
Justice dwells not among them; only to man has he given
Justice the Highest and Best.”

The first idea that rises to the mind, in regarding war, is that it is a resort to force, whereby each nation strives to overpower the other. Reason, and the divine part of our nature, in which alone we differ from the beasts, in which alone we approach the divinity, in which alone are the elements of justice, the professed object of war, are dethroned. It is, in short, a temporary adoption, by men, of the character of wild beasts, emulating their ferocity, rejoicing like them in blood, and seeking, as with a lion's paw, to hold an asserted right. This character of war is somewhat disguised, in more recent days, by the skill and knowledge which it employs ; it is, however, still the same, made more destructive by the genius and intellect which have been degraded to its servants. The early poets, in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood, make this strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened in their rage to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection.

THE LAW OF LOVE AS A RULE OF CONDUCT.

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first, in human history, establishing the law of love as a rule of conduct for the intercourse of nations. While he recognized, as a great end of government, "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and "aimed to reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians—who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach—not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase, is, to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country. "The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the Sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the

broad path-way of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood." These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little state," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defence." A great man, worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority among them for the greater part of a century, and never, during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war."

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed footprints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation or from the fear of insults or danger, were harassed by perpetual alarms, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems earthly and coarse.

But let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognize those transcendent ordinances of God, the law of right and the law of love—the double suns which illumine the moral universe—aspire to the true glory, and, what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges, and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth and the ministers of religion. This is, indeed, the cheap defence of nations. In such intrenchments

what Christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invincible but impenetrable panoply :

“Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world—for all who suffer in any way in mind, body, or estate—shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunder-bolt from his pounces, shall soar with the olive of peace into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

—*Charles Sumner.*

THE END.

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